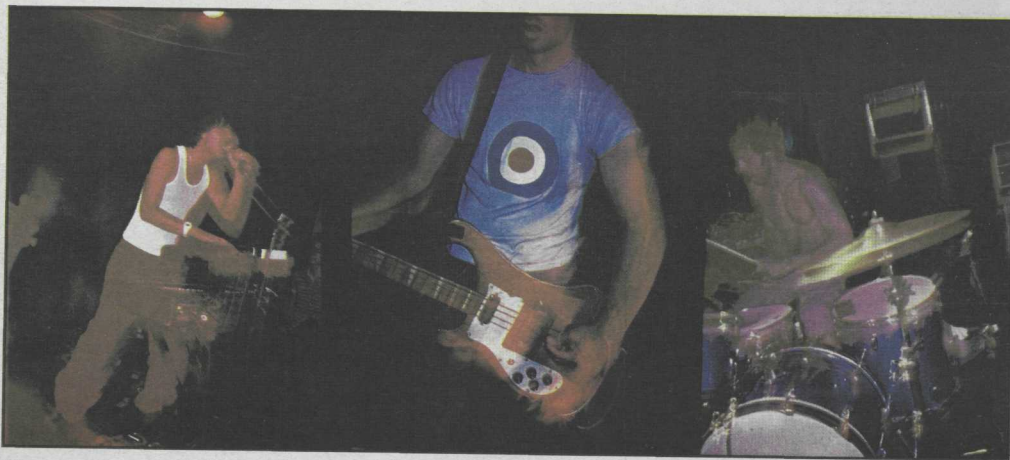


DISORDER

A publication of CTR 101.9 FM

November 2000



Trans Am

Also featuring: Ashley Park

Paul Plimley

Jr Ewing

The The

The Lollies

Red Devils

International Noise Conspiracy



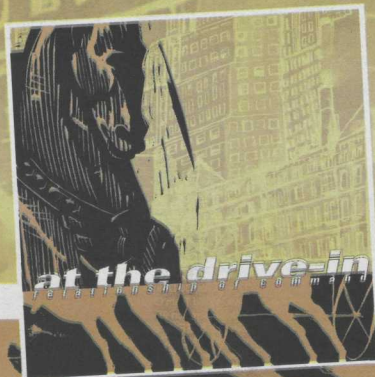
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ISSUE 212 • NOVEMBER 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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"PLEASE DON'T PUT TRANS AM ON THE COVER," PLEADED LUKE MEAT, AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON P.16. HE DIDN'T WANT US TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT, IN SPITE OF ALL HIS MAJORESS QUESTIONS, THE BAND DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY. WELL, SORRY LUKE. WE WANTED FULL COLOUR AND THIS WAS THE ONLY PICTURE THAT FIT THE BILL. PHOTO BY CHRIS FREY; LAYOUT BY CHRIS FREY WITH ELECTRONIC ASSISTANCE FROM JACK DUCKWORTH.

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Vancouver Special



BY JAMAAL

Coming to you live, from the City of Vancouver picket lines, it's... Local Demol! This month's captivating instalment is an exclusively compact disc edition, owing to my ownership of a discman, not a walkman, and the unbelievable monotony of trying to keep a decidedly disinterested public from entering the Kistano Community Centre. All you tape-heads freaking out as we speak, worry not, for my scooter has been stolen. Why, you ask, is the theft of my scooter a felicitous occasion for tape lovers everywhere? Well, apparently when your vehicle gets stolen, ICBC pays for you to rent a car, so I'm riding in style (Swift-style, that is) complete with [who's got it?] Tape Deck! Wow.

PANACEA come to us straight outta Waford, Ontario, and believe me, this one reeks of Ontario. At least they're honest enough to admit it, listing as influences AC/DC, Led Zeppelin, and Rush. It seems to me they overlooked Gowan and Chris de Burgh, but I digress. I could give a shit about this CD, though it doesn't anger me or anything, but I always have to wonder where these

people get the money for such great production, tray liners, etc. Copyright 1996/97! How the fuck did this get in my box? ...liquid, fizzy@hotmail.com

This next disc was given to me at a party by a couple of guys who had just finished recording/mastering it that day. I was actually beginning to wonder where it had vanished to, when it miraculously reappeared in my life. They call themselves FINCH, and they've assembled a sort of mellow, rhythmic, slightly experimental electronics. It's pretty good really, and perfect for passing out to while huddled in the doorway of a dark, forgotten ice rink. (604-689-7720) Queens! JAY A. BECK has been tearing up the indie charts lately with his heavy-grooving ditty "Ophelia." He's back with a marathon of a disc containing 43 tracks and clocking in at a whopping 79:59. That's a boxset, for Christ's sake. Anyway, the music's eclectic as usual, running the gamut from minimalist industrial death to happy-go-lucky folk to cyber poetry. Jay, do yourself a favour and move your ass to the big city so you can start doing something with this.

<bjack@mybc.com>

FIVE STAR LEMON is a two man operation; one in Vancouver and one in Toronto, which couldn't be at all convenient. They create a kind of pretty acoustic indulgence, though I wouldn't be caught dead playing it around any of my peers. The vocals are very strong, which takes away from the guitar; it's not that it's weak, just simple. The cover of "4 am" by Our Lady Peace sounds exactly like the original and is nothing to which an already near-suicidal participant-organized job action should be exposed. The song "INOT" helps soothe the hurt with its watered-down Pixies feel. -tjdojames@hotmail.com

Right from the beginning, I knew **EXPERIENCING DIFFICULTY** and myself were not going to get along. The name of their CD is *Difficult Experiencing*; isn't it cute when people switch parts of words around? The first track is a mere 19:09 in length with no discernable rhythm. "Experiencing Difficulty" can be very difficult listening and is not recommended for the amateur music listener," reads the liner. Well, label me

"amateur" E.D., but I wouldn't recommend this shit to anyone of any experience level. Hey, track three's got a beat! The more I hear, the more I hate. <http://sine.nrcan.org/exp>

You know what kind of sucks? Getting a demo from someone who lives in your building. Every time you see them, you feel the guilt of knowing that not only have you not reviewed their disc yet, but it may be eons

before you get to it. And then you have to explain this to them again without sounding insincere. I don't even remember how long it's been since my neighbour Derek gave me a copy of his band **SLOGAN's** demo (Slogan, by the way, just played an all-ages out at the Jova joint with **The New Town Animals** and **The Evaporators**). This week I got him all riled up by telling him

that I was about to review it when, lo and behold, it refused to play in my discman. Motherfucker. So anyway, coming next month, Slogan and tapes, tapes, tapes. Oh, and don't forget to call the mayor and complain about this strike shit! Tell him you caught the plague from all the rats in your garbage-laden back alley or something. Threaten to sue. *

CiTR

101.9 FM

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Record played most often on your show:

Anything by Rocket From The Crypt.

Record you would save in a fire:

A Promise Is A Promise by The Lynx.

Record that should burn in hell:

Anything by Limp Bizkit.

Worst band you like:

Do I really have to answer that?

Last record you bought:

New. The Pinka 77. Old: Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels 7"

First record you bought:

Duran Duran, "Hungry Like the Wolf" 7".

Musician you'd most like to marry:

Since I'm already engaged, I cannot in good conscience answer that.

Favourite show on CiTR:

How can you make me pick just one? *Motardaddy*, *These Are The Breaks*, *Parts Unknown*.

Strangest phone call received while on-air:

I've been pretty lucky over my nine years here that I can honestly say that I have not received any, but in order to appear somewhat exciting, the "fast talker" has graced my show a number of times. *



Radio Free Press

ZINES • BY SAM & BLEEK

Our mighty editor has expressed the concern that a lot of the zines we review in this column are a little on the, ahem, elderly side. This is a criticism that we graciously accept with a couple of qualifications. First of all, we both work in service industries and don't have a bunch of cash to spend on new zines [but we'll take anything new that people give us]. Second, what's new in the world of zines? Most zinesters are lucky if they manage to put out a couple of issues per year. So, if we discover something we like, we'll try to review the latest issue—just don't expect it to be brand new.

Nevertheless, we are keen to redress the balance. Luckily, that shouldn't be too hard—largely thanks to the annual *Word Under the Street* that took place a couple of weeks ago at the big library downtown. It included a fringe show in the basement, whimsically called *Word Under the Street*, which focused on local zine and comic

book talent. The *Word Under the Street* show seemed to spur a few local zinesters into finishing new



issues of their projects. We're referring primarily to ourselves, but also to the makers of a publication we mentioned last month.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the new issue of *turf* is now available. It's full of details, including an interview with the

cutest man in hip hop, **Kid Koala**, and a fantastic "Better Boyfriend Bureau Survey." It also has a running theme about work, which was particularly resonant for us. We're very grateful for the youth pension plan form and fake doctor's note. (#6, 1125 Pacific Drive, Delta, BC V4M 2K2) -ctur@telus.net

<http://www.turfzine.com>

Speaking of really great Vancouver zines, there's also a new issue of Brad Young's ever-popular *Stay As You Are*. We don't really need to go on about this because Brad already sells a bunch of copies, and we're really jealous. Let's just say he's a post-modern comic-book genius and leave it at that. Harumph. Time to let the new talent come through, if you ask us. (#6, \$2, PO Box 30007, Parkgate PO, North Vancouver, BC V7H 2Y8) -brady@home.com

<http://71.com/wastingmylife>

Word Under the Street also provided the opportunity to discover new talent. Perhaps the

most striking publication that we picked up was *Poser*. This is one of a number of gay zines that have appeared around these parts recently. It features writing on life as a queer punk rocker plus some very pornographic photos. Yikes! (Issue #3 for \$2 or trade from 1457 Bental Centre, Vancouver, BC, V6C 2P7)

If that's not offensive to you then perhaps we should let you know that yet another of our favourite zines, *Negative Capability*, has a new issue out. It's the continued on-site-un-PC rantings of New York/San Francisco's Josh Saliz. It has to be the shiest, as well as the sickest, perzine out there, and young Joshua should certainly be applauded for total dedication to his cause. Impressive stuff indeed.

(#3 for \$3 US from Box 225338, San Francisco, CA 94122-5338 USA) -josh@negcap.com

<http://www.negcap.com>

Equally impressive is *Chickfactor*, the only zine that managed to score interviews with members of the notoriously shy and reclusive **Belle & Sebastian**. Number 13 is available now, and it's a dog-gone doozy! Editrix Gail O'Hara and friends are still jet-setting between New York and England, meeting towering pop people and scoring some rare yet humble interviews. In this

issue they converse with Colin Blunstone of '60s psych-pop outfit the **Zombies**. And if that wasn't enough they also speak to Naomi Yang of **Galaxie 500**/Damon & Naomi, among many others. Over 60 pages of indie heaven can be yours!

(\$5 US to Gail O'Hara at 245 East 19th Street, New York, NY



CORVID REVUE
VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1
AUTUMN 2000

10003, USA. Of course, in a just world you could buy this at the corner store.)

Or even at Chapters, where we were amazed to find a very well written zine from Nepean, Ontario called *Oraku* #5. Hey, we don't shop there, alright? We were just passing by, had some time to kill... Ahem, anyway—this fanzine has a lot in common with hand-written perzines like *Cometbus* and Vancouver's *I'm*

Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck. Also with obvious formal similarities, all three titles represent the finest in punk poetry, offering wonderful personal anecdotes and observations of the punk community and society as a whole. The size is mini; the subjects are humongous. (A couple of bucks to Jeff Oraku at 114 Carter Blvd, Nepean, ON K2G 2M7)

Also covering the big topics is Dave Hutton's BC-based little zine, *Corvid Revue* Volume 2 #1. Dave is a quiet, unassuming fellow with more opinions and smarts than he lets on in casual company. Dave is also a very good writer and has been making zines for years. In the past he's explored the topic of war in an ongoing "Corvus on War" column which also made appearances in *Bleek's* own *Spacina*. A new series focusing on bigotry, titled "Corvus on Racism," is well thought-out and has highly evolved material. Also, this issue closes off with a fascinating and scathingly informative exposé on the Merritt Mountain Music Festival. (\$2, stamps or trades to Corvid Revue, 2659 Jackson Avenue, Merritt, BC V1K 1B1)

PheW! After all that bang-up-to-date, top-quality stuff, we'll probably be stuck for stuff to review next month. Have pity for us and send us your zines, damn it!

Kill Your Boyfriend



COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

DAVE COOPER

Suckle: The Status of Basil
(Fantagraphics)

You know how sometimes something will appear out of nowhere and blow everyone away? The odd thing is that often, when you look back on the body of work its author has done, it was good too. Maybe it all had to do with being at the right place at the right time with the right idea, but Canadian cartoonist Dave Cooper's comic *Weasel* is the most talked-about comic of the year. But we're not going to be discussing the one comic every fan should have on their shelf. (I'm not kidding, *Weasel* is utterly mind-boggling.) See, the thing is, unless you're a huge Cooper fan, you're not going to know that *Weasel* is a quasi-conclusion with no connection to a conception of Cooper's design—the Basil trilogy.

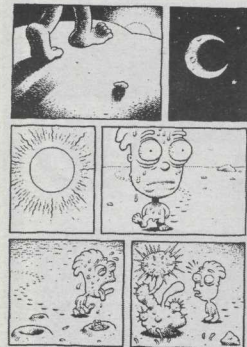
It started with *Suckle: The Status Of Basil*. Put out by Fantagraphics in '96, it is not for the faint of heart. It's set in the future, with lots of sex. So yeah, this book isn't for kids. The beginning, of course, tells of the genesis of Basil. He is born, he sets out to explore, and he discovers. Basil's a cute little guy who is sweetly naive and ignorant of pretty much everything. Starting out in a barren wasteland, Basil finds himself confronted by all sorts of odds and ends—like a huge hollow sculpture of Cooper, machinery with no use, and foreign-looking, uncivilized plants. The rest of the story revolves around Basil's growing awareness of his sexuality, as well as finding a city that leads

It's an intense moment, wherein Basil discovers a virtual goddess and her religion, and experiences a subsequent epiphany of bliss. The author drags the reader through the whole gamut of emotions. He also envisions a future that's gone two steps forward and five steps back. Thankfully, Basil's a good guy; he's just a little confused. It's almost like Cooper is using Basil to figure out that



enigma we call "woman." There are several female archetypes in this comic. Mostly they fall into the two standard categories: the virgin and the slut. The pedestal or the muck. Throughout the rest of *Suckle* the reader is invariably thrown for a loop. Cooper is quick to show both sides of everything.

Artistically, Cooper has been compared to Robert Crumb on more than one occasion—by Crumb himself, for example. But whereas Crumb is an excellent artist, I would say Cooper's strength is his imagination. Every piece of metal and fauna is natural, but unfamiliar and alien. Everything has its own language and symbolism; Cooper sure likes those symbols. This comic exudes all kinds of sex, yet it remains subdued and subliminal. It's all in the shapes, baby. Cooper's art is textural to the point of gooiness. Thankfully, with each new book the blobs of stuff everywhere dissipate. Some of his older stuff is just gross. In *Suckle*, though, there's just enough gooiness to soften the story and make it a little dirty. Brilliant. Now the interesting thing about *Suckle* is that it has a happy ending. Not so in his next book, *Crumple*: it's a part of the same trilogy, so I'm going to wait right here for you to get *Suckle* and get caught up. Go on, I'll be here when you get back. *



him to meeting more than his fair share of "friends." Scammed and taken to a live theatre, Basil witnesses a graphic rape before discovering "Acting!"

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7 inch



BY JULIE COLERO

Damn, I thought I was in dire straits this month, until I started cleaning up my office and uncovered more than a few wayward records. Who would have guessed ultimatums from big boss-types could prove so rewarding? Apart from the sticky bits like crawling around on the floor under my desk on a hunt for ancient CDs and sorting through thousands of "Dear Julie Claire" not-so-form letters, I did find a couple of good bits and pieces (and about 2000 hitlers!). Anyways, time to get back to the music, the thing that makes us all get down on our hands and knees.

There's a new **RIF RANDALLS** single... and it doesn't suck! Okay, so the band's done some major shape-shifting over recent months, losing Sean and Mar, gaining the ever-grating Gibby, and they've started wearing hot pants (A-rank, what are you doing?), but they're still that same fun-loving bunch of girls who just wanna rock! Their *oside* cover sounds good. Cathy and Anne-Marie can actually sing, and with the

music already there for them, they can't lose. The b-sides, **Riff Randall's** originals, aren't at all original, but they've obviously found that a formula gets you places. With a North American tour behind them and their eyes on some hot state-side labels, these girls are starting to fit in with the crowd they usually just want to make out with. Yeah! (Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6)

On the **Riff Randall's** tip, coming off with only slightly worse style, are **THE PEEPS**. I guess every town's got to have one of these bands. The Peeps are slightly more out of tune and a lot trashier. The **Riff Randall's** could at least take out on the town (unless they're drunk, whool), but these girls would score off all my buddies! I like the Peeps; they've got their sound not quite down, but in a very hot and sexy sort of way. They're on *Symphony*, so you can bet they have a long career

of glam and gore ahead of them. [Peeps' fan address: 225 South Hardy Drive, Tempe, AZ 85281]

More brilliant than all those



girls piled on top of each other are the singles by **MASCARA SUE** and **THE MACHINE GUN TV**. Courtesy of a super mystery package and a label that always pleases, these two Japanese releases kick it noisy-style in a fantastically pleasant manner. Mascara Sue's "Dreamy Sleep" single dishes up four amazing songs full of

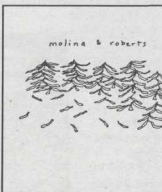
scratchy/scratchy tape manipulation mayhem, often sugar coated with the cutest nonsensical vocals. Oh, and some screams. Lots of weirdness here. This is what DHR might sound like if it didn't have that damn political agenda. The bomin' bass and static sounds sweeten out into piano plunks on the last track, an almost cohesive piece which would be suitable for use as a robot lullaby.

The Machine Gun TV is even more of a sure thing. The beats are hard core, and the lyrics are more messed up noise to be had. With all these crazy spooky sounds and painfully high-pitched stuff going on, it's hard to figure out what's best about it all. I suggest that you all add these singles to your home collections. You could get down-right creative with a bit of fancy gear and the inspiration found here. [Detector, 6524 Harco Street, Long Beach, CA 90808-2242]

If it's gonna be all about creativity, it'd be about time to give the mad props to **To Rococo Rot**. Why do Germans make such cool electronic music? I was daunted by the 7" format or first, but it proved optimal to the sounds incorporated. "Smaller Listening" and "Numbers In Love" are both strong tracks, both showcasing the ability of less to do so much for the brain. The minimal repetitiveness (don't bother with the dancing shoes, this is IDM) and gentle clangy

[angles create a sensory deprivation overload. What's going on? Oh yeah, I'm feeling it! (Soul Static Sound, <soundstatic.sound@virgin.net>]

Taking it down a notch (not on the sound scale but on the enthusiasm scale) would be to put some **ABBC** or **MOLINA & ROBERTS** on the turntable. Sure, they sound like strangers to you now, but soon... Hey, doesn't ABBC stand for Amor Belhom Duo (who?) and Burns & Conventino (dude, *Calculus*!) Uh huh. And that **Molina & Roberts** one—that'd be Mr. **Songs: Ohia** and Mr. **Appendix Out** to you! Yeah,



nothing like a little covert indie all-star action. The ABBC single's sporting a track each from AB and BC, AB's "Elevator Baby" being all full of strings and sinister sounds and BC's "Outer Battery" being a swank little percussion piece which could fit in nicely in the best film Noir on

the black market [Wabana, PO Box 381700, Cambridge, MA 02238]

Molina & Roberts take on two traditional UK folk songs, giving them the ache fix. If "The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea" isn't the prettiest love song you've heard in ages, I don't even want to know what's wrong with you. Well, okay, sometimes the recording sounds bad, but we're supposed to be mature enough to forgive those faults, not! (Secretly Canadian, 1703 North Maple, Bloomington, IN 47404)

THE PINKOS looked pretty promising. Song titles like "Pirate Girls" led me to believe that I'd be hearing of big ol' booty and other fantastical naughty nautical escapades; what I got left me high and dry. All dopiness aside, the "Pinkos Theme Song" makes this one worth checking out. It's rock and roll with a message, and with a chorus like "Hey! Hey! Pinkos and Faggots are the USA! Hey! Hey! Red and Black in the USA!" you know singer/songwriter Vanessa

Veselka has got a good head on her shoulders. I am a fan. Hopefully others will hear her out. [Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102]

I want a vacation. Oh yeah, I get one tomorrow. Word!

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Strut & Fret



BY PENELOPE MULLIGAN

2000 WOMEN
Thursday, October 19
Church of Pointless
Hysteria
Friday, October 20
The Blinding Light!!!

A festival dedicated to giving solo artists the opportunity to perform and showcase their work is a grand idea. While group shows at galleries, evenings of video, and short films at cinemas do provide emerging visual artists and filmmakers with places to air their creations, it's the solo performer with a little jewel of a piece who's most strapped for a stage.

Enter Bonnie Davis, Melissa Montgomery, and Jennifer Nikolai, performers in their own right who shifted into producer mode to provide the concept, the venues, publicity, and technical support for 15 solo artists in various disciplines.

The gala opening at

Pointless Hysteria was a chance to sample some of the performers as they presented five or ten minute snips from the pieces that they would do on following nights at The Blinding Light!!! We could also preview the visual art, which along with film and video, ran through the four days of the festival. I always make a point of checking the visuals at these multi-disc shindigs, 'cause it seems they can get under-servedly overlooked. My peering through the darkness was rewarded by—Melanie Greenaway's small photographs of Havana and Sabrina Ovensen's nude self-portraits with the skin cracked and mossy like the bodies of crumbling statues.

The performance section was M.C'd by The Delicious Connie Smudge, who kept things in perspective as only a good drag artist can, and jollied the proceedings through

various technical—"fustile" in drag queen parlance—difficulties. Despite the production glitches, the performers were 100% professional and ready to go.

San Francisco's Cynthia Adams (one of the few participants not Vancouver-based), paid tribute to her grandmothers in a piece called "In Good Taste." Against a soundtrack that was like an electronic circus, she wrapped and dressed herself in layers of wooten garments, all the while executing modern dance riffs as she chafed to the grannies' addiction to knitting. As the woolly layers increased, she became a fat, striated maggot doing falls and rolls. It was wonderfully bizarre.

Leslie Ewan excerpted "An Understanding of Brown," all about growing up mixed race. 'Twas a bit preachy for my taste, but well written with some drolly funny moments.

Jenn Griffin—a tasty purveyor of growing-up tales if there ever was one—brought back her 1998 Fringe hit "Drinking with Persephone" and hit us with an hilarious chapter from her pre-teen adventures with fake ID in a redneck bar.

Several works resurfaced from this year's Fringe as well, among them Monique Bourgeois' "40 Weeks," excerpts from the diary of a pregnant woman. The one shown here was performed with juicy gusto but felt weighed down by its literalness and lack of theatrical imagination. Maybe the complete piece was more satisfying.

Susan Bertoia gave us a slice of her beautifully skewed work "Plum and Other Colours," which had me racing to The Blinding Light!!! the next evening for the full version. Described as a physical surrealist comedy, it's a collection of little sketches, each of which has the flavour of a particular colour. Sounds abstract, I know, but in that good kind of way that lets your intellect sit down and shut up while you receive it elsewise.

When I read about the next item on the programme, my first thought was: do we

really need another play about breast cancer? As actor Nancy Baye took us through the process from diagnosis and attempts at self-healing to the inevitable preparations for surgery, the answer became yes—if only to make us more aware of what some women have to deal with. Baye created the piece from the anecdotes and case histories of others, but performed it with such transparent vulnerability that it was hard to believe that she hadn't gone through the ordeal herself.

Connie Smudge ended the showcase with a searing lip-synch to one of those disco thumpers—"Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am." I believe it's called. She was magnificent in

a floaty tangerine frock and delivered the number like a true John Waters heroine as she lurled her no-good man out of the house during the verses and pleaded humbly for his return on the choruses. Only a Drag Queen is allowed to be that kind of woman in 2000.

2000 Women was the launch of a series which the producers intend to make an annual event. It doesn't seem particularly necessary to restrict the idea to women, though. I found the most exciting thing to be the celebration and exposure of the Lone Artist as such, regardless of their chromosome configuration. Maybe next year we can hear from the men. •

happiness by miyu

You're sitting on the bus, and you feel so damn lonely that you wish you could hold the person next to you, grab their thigh or at least their hand or something, but they'd be disgusted, hit you, scream maybe, jump up and get as far away from you as possible at the very least. It seems like everyone does this to you anyway, and you're tired from it, so all you really want is someone's shoulder, a pillow, so you can go to sleep. •

Culture Shock



BY ANTHONY MONDAY, KUWAITI CORRESPONDANT

1 The bitchy one!

The first month of culture shock settles, and, as if I had been electrocuted, I let my electronics calm, my hair lay down again, and all the images of clashing cultures fall randomly at my feet, like shields for Caesar. Let the orgy begin, the Canadian has fallen. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

Alcohol is forbidden here. A cynical Brit—who, like most expatriates here, holds the weighty weight of the White Man's Burden—said it was "Forbidden, like, chop-your-hand-off forbidden." Because that is, of course, what Arabs do. At the first sign of Western infiltration they pull out the curved sword, bare their teeth, and slice off any visible appendage. It is illegal, yes, but you can find booze underground if you are absolutely desperate. Most Kuwaiti police realize westerners have questionable morals and alcoholic tendencies and don't actively search our houses. I have put my own home brew on. Grape juice and yeast are

bubbling away in my hallway closet: a monument to my addiction.

I was recently invited to the Canadian Embassy. It wasn't nationalistic feelings that made me go, nor was it the [very real] threat of another Iraqi bombing that made me think, "Hey, maybe I should register with the Canadian Embassy." Nor was it the idea of all the Canadians in Kuwait joining together for a hearty "Oh Canada" in memorial to Pierre Trudeau, the original "I Am Canadian" ad. No, nothing so patriotic.

It was the offer of free alcohol that did it—perhaps the ONLY way that the embassy could entice anyone out of their lonely, dusty hovels and into the cool maritime bosom of "Canada Abroad." Hell, if you can't get westerners out for a good debauched bout of liver damage, what can you get them to do? Because of the illicit nature of alcohol in this devout Islamic country, most of us had not consumed the distilled devil for at least three weeks. We were all a little desperate, and the illegal

rum and vodka was consumed rapidly and freely until the very warm night, and we stumbled home. No one questioned the morals and ethics of the Canadian Government smuggling in illegal, sacreligious, and culturally sensitive materials for the benefit of its citizens, myself included. Me and my hangover regretted it on moral and ethical grounds the next morning.

But it's okay. I really think we shouldn't worry about it. Most white people here feel free criticizing and judging the Muslims here as "not normal," "inconvenient," and "primitive." They complain about the laziness of the "Bloody Kuwaitis." They whine about how much money they have, decry their driving habits, shopping malls, and even blame the weather on them.

Elsewhere in the world, a new brand of colonialism has developed, perhaps more subtle, perhaps not. But Kuwait is the last vestige of the old world, the last remaining true expatriate community, complete with the Filipino maid's quarters. The country is

populated with more non-Kuwaitis than Kuwaitis: the majority of the foreigners are Syrians, Egyptians, Iranians and, of course, those of European descent—who blanket them all as "Arabs."

It's easy to forget about this racism. Besides, it's all over here, in Kuwait. I mean, why bother about it? We don't do that in Canada. No, we're a positive role model for the whole world. We've never referred to aboriginal peoples as "the Natives," regardless of their own distinct cultural identities. We've never called Japanese, Korean, Vietnamese, or Chinese people "the Asians." I get bitter. I apologize. The dust gets to my brain. I have a desert for a backyard and long-necked sheep wander my unplanned streets, upsetting the gravel. I wait for the rain to fall and smooth out the sand. I miss the clouds. I miss drinking. I miss beer. Send yeast, hops, and barley.

2 The overly poetic one!

Outside my window, long-necked sheep with thin faces wander across my backyard. They clink their bells, and the sound is dulled by the roaring traffic that slinks like a black snake through the thick yellow sand. The backyard is a desert. It is dotted with dusty shrubs and one tree, poetically in the middle. It lies low, as if trying to stay as far from the sun as possible. The bitter English

teachers I work with, those keepers of the appropriate life, complain about the desolate nature, the ugly and dirty landscape. Quietly disagreeing, I tell them there is a certain beauty to the flatness, to the heat. "I come from Vancouver," I tell them, as if it were enough. I would like to say: "My lungs are still wet and cold. All I can remember are mountains and ocean and cloud. This is different. This is not home, but it is a place I can explore and learn about." I do not. I return to gazing out into the sparse landscape, and nod. The young boys in their dress-like robes on motorcycles spin and stir up the dust in the setting sun, the women in abayas walk like upright shadows, block against the bright landscape. Sometimes, down by the warm sea, I see Kuwaiti families explode onto the sandy beaches, spreading out. The men strip to western swimming shorts, the boys too. The little girls wear Spice Girls bathing suits, and the women wander into the water, fully dressed, their huge black cloth drifing low and languid in the waves. Dropped over water now, as well as their bodies. I like to think they have the power to catch fish in those water-logged robes: clothes like nets, capturing jewel-crusted fish. The songs of their lives seep into my apartment five times a day, when the mosques start the warbling call to prayer. Their cries to Allah move across the desert, past the oblivious sheep and soli-

tary man standing guard over his flock.

If it was not for the roar of the traffic, this could be centuries ago. But it is not, this is now, and the Fahad Highway near my window proudly displays fast moving Jaguars and BMWs like they were slick and shiny sharks. SUVs, like hammer-heads, speed and race each other, and the timid Toyota try to slip past the slow moving dirty Datsuns. In the north, in Achmed, the oil towers burn-off their excesses: for away towers of flame burn loudly, spewing chemicals and oil-soaked ash into the hot air. This is not centuries ago. This is now, and the sun is almost gone, taking the gold from the sand, leaving it dusty grey. The lights of the Emir's palace begin to twinkle on the far side of the Highway, down past the posh "National Guard Club"—beautifully misplaced in three-foot-high gold letters. And down, further, past the mansions and palace, the ocean loses its blue, turns grey like the sand and fades into the sky. Sometimes there's more sand in the sky than on the ground, underneath my hot, tanned feet. I am trying to walk softly, so as not to kick up the dust and disturb what took millennia to settle.

Next month: The Old Colonialism meets the New Colonialism! Oh, fun! Racism at its best! Cheap seats still available. Let the pageantry of power begin! •

Louder Than A Bomb



BY NAT X

Once again the mainstream media has demonstrated its tacit complicity with white supremacy. I'm referring in this case to coverage of Larry Elder's newest book, *Ten Things You Can't Say In America*. Another in a series of apologist books written by right-wing people of colour, this one claims once more that poverty is the result of being stupid and lazy rather than resulting from a combination of historical, political, and economic factors perpetuated by a corrupt and inherently unsustainable socio-economic system. The reviews I refer to continually remind us that since Elder's book is on the bestseller list and the author is Black, it must be most popular among Black readers and therefore legitimate and authoritative in its findings. However, nowhere do the journalists in question cite demographic surveys of who has bought this book, or who among its reader-

ship actually agrees with what they read. I'm willing to bet old Larry's Brown college degree that, just like Dinesh D'Souza's festering pile of excrement, Elder's latest work is finding a place in the libraries of primarily rich, white readers.

I submit that Elder's book is popular in the US for four main reasons: 1) It serves to alleviate the collective white guilt brought about by the exposure of the consequences of America's virulently racist and oppressive past by putting a brown face behind right-wing assertions about poverty, racism, welfare, etc. 2) It legitimizes the racistist discourse on social programmes and poverty, perpetuating the myth that the majority of welfare recipients in the US are Black people who leech the system (especially those nasty Black single mothers who are so obviously the bane of civilized society). If you check the latest statistics, most welfare recipients in that

country (as in Canada) are white. 3) It erases white responsibility for continuing to benefit from a system built by unpaid Black labour and based on a history of exploitation by claiming that the legacy of over 350 years of repression, cultural genocide, and institutionalized inequality have been totally undone by two or three decades of affirmative action. 4) It allows the privileged (primarily white) classes to ignore the problem of the increasingly wide gap between rich and poor (the economy is booming, but there have never been more people living on the street) by first racializing poverty and then engaging in an unthought-out Social Darwinist explanation for it.

In a country that strives so hard to present the face of liberty and is so conscious of its international image (while attempting to remain ignorant of its own monumental hypocrisy) it is no wonder that a book that seeks to

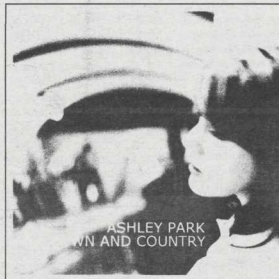
silence internal critics sells so well. The fundamental assumption on which this book bases its arguments is that we have come a long way in the last five decades and that since official segregation is gone there are no more boundaries for people of colour. What Elder fails to realize is that while certain gains have been made, the most significant change lies simply in language. It is no longer acceptable to go around calling people "nigger," "chink," "wetback," or whatever. So, rather than change the attitude, it was much easier to change the language. The use of commonly codified terms and imagery provides the

same meaning as the above epithets, while being simultaneously apparently "politically correct." Elder's analysis is weak and his arguments far less well thought out than one would expect from an Ivy League educated lawyer. Anyone with a hint of analytical ability and some basic statistics could massacre this book in short order. Here lies the greatest irony of all: Elder is a product of the affirmative action programmes he decries. His educa-

tion and subsequent career are the result of a special "minority" placement at Brown, yet somehow from his contemporary place of privilege he fails to recognize the impact this had and the opportunities it afforded him to break the cycle of poverty. Elder complains about being labeled a bootlicker or an Uncle Tom for having sold his soul to the white upper class and its values. Well Larry, if the Cabin fits... •

For a more clearly reasoned look at this subject:

hooks, bell
Killing Rage: Ending Racism
London: Routledge, 1994



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Last March I was lucky enough to catch a sold-out show at The Columbia Hotel called "The Red Devil Sideshow Spectacular!" which featured a handful of local punk and noise bands as well as a veteran carnival performer named Jason Queck. Although there was almost no advertising or promotion beforehand, the night was outright crazy and easily one of the best shows I've seen all year.

The headliner was a mixture of music performed by The Red Devils and a freakshow/fair act put on by "The Prince of Pain" (Queck's stage name). That night I witnessed all of your classic big top events, one of which was a girl getting a cement block smashed over her stomach via sledgehammer while she lay on a bed of nails. Let's just say this was the least shocking exhibition of the night, and what followed reminded me of the old Jim Rose circus with a more twisted slant. However, this time around Queck promises an even bigger extravaganza.

He's now working with more performers and more extreme sorts of acts. "For this show I'm bringing along 'The Marvels of Mayhem,' a group which forms the core of my Terminal City Sideshow. These performers forego any of the magic and illusion that most sideshows tend to use these days in order to pad their acts," Jason explained to me over a pint of refreshing ale.

"It's all real, and it's all live," he says, a smile creeping across his face.

So don't expect any levitation or people getting sawed in half: everything in The Red Devil Sideshow Spectacular is real and based on physical skill, a fact The Prince of Pain is very proud of. From escape acts to impaling, sword swallowing, and a planned body suspension, this will be a guaranteed night of astonishment. As Vancouver's only regularly performing carnival sideshow, these guys deserve some recognition and support. Not recommended for those with a weak stomach.

This year, like last year, Queck will be teamed with a noise rock (capital R for ROCK) band called The Red Devils. These four locals are as enigmatic as

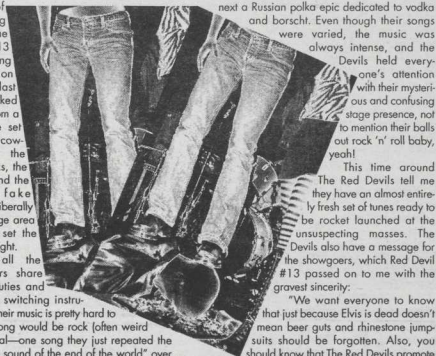
HURRY! HURRY!

To The Red Devil Sideshow Spectacular!

By Shaun Korman

The Prince of Pain, all going under the name of Red Devil #13 and dressing incognito on stage. At the last show they looked like the cast from a zombie movie set on Mars: the cowboy hats, the wrestling masks, the devil horns, and the buckets of fake blood spread liberally around the stage area all helped to set the mood for the night.

Because all the band members share songwriting duties and are constantly switching instruments mid-set, their music is pretty hard to classify. One song would be rock (often weird and instrumental—one song they just repeated the line "This is the sound of the end of the world" over and over again), the next song would be surf, and the



next a Russian polka epic dedicated to vodka and borscht. Even though their songs were varied, the music was always intense, and the Devils held everyone's attention with their mysterious and confusing stage presence, not to mention their balls out rock 'n' roll baby, yeah!

This time around The Red Devils tell me they have an almost entirely fresh set of tunes ready to be rocket launched at the unsuspecting masses. The Devils also have a message for the showgoers, which Red Devil #13 passed on to me with the gravest sincerity:

"We want everyone to know that just because Elvis is dead doesn't mean beer guts and rhinestone jump suits should be forgotten. Also, you should know that The Red Devils promote hedonism in all forms, the eating of meat, and unreg-

ulated clearcut logging."

Whatever you make of that, these guys rock out some of the best and most original music I've heard locally in a long time. Combined with the Prince of Pain and The Marvels of Mayhem, this is going to be a



photos by Erin Wild

one hell of a show—so be there! Hurry, Hurry, to The Red Devil Sideshow Spectacular on Saturday, November 25th at the Brickyard and be amazed, terrified, and appalled... all for eight bucks at the door.

Oh yeah, there's a rumour of an old style Punch and Judy puppet show for an opener, so try to get there around 10 o'clock.

See you there. *

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SUB CITY CD



9 DISORDER



PAUL PIMLEY

Nobody cares about the piano player. Pressing keys is somehow less appealing than pressing strings on a fret board. The piano is fat, the guitar sleek. The piano is stationary, the guitar moves with the player. The pianist can do nothing except spread his legs and straddle the bench—and no one really wants to see that. The piano in no way resembles a cock.

People should recognize Paul Pimley. Not because of who he has played with [Cecil Taylor, John Oswald, Joey Baron, etc.], not because he plays piano without a shirt on [he doesn't], or because he's able to move his fingers as accurately as Page, but because he has an ear, an intuition, for music most of us cannot hear in our heads until he plays it.

Pimley talks the way he plays. One idea leads to seven more, and his answers never matched my questions. The only time he stopped talking was when we went to the Tom Lee piano department, where he pushed his ideas into his fingers, where they translated more readily.

On Beginning

"The first thing I noticed about the piano was that it made a big impression in the living room when I was five years old. It was for my mom. She took lessons for a while. I started playing when I was seven. I went the traditional route of doing classical and all of that. It was a lot of fun just to sit there and twiddle my fingers, so to speak. From there, I had some bad experiences with teachers. Sometimes it was so bad, with one particular teacher, that I remember once having the flu, and I was very sick, but I got to miss my piano lesson, so I was actually glad I got the flu. I quit when I was 11. At age 12 I took up guitar lessons with a guy named Peter. I quit that when I was 16. At 16 I came back to piano."

On Teaching

"My youngest student is four, my oldest is 75. I try to encourage music as a practice of personal and creative possibilities and that while there is a sense of discipline to learning anything, with music it's gotta be fun, so generally I'm in a pretty good mood. Sometimes I get a little cranky. Hey, don't we all? I basically want to encourage their personal expression and creativity through improvising. It's interesting, you know, I've noticed over the years that some people, kids even, a lot of kids just aren't interested in improv. To them they're like 'What's the big deal here?' Other people are into it right away."

On Talent

"I was not able to read the phone book once and memorize it. No. Nor did I even try. I was pretty normal. The real value of what I do is not really to do with technique but how I am able to connect with what I would call the spirit of music, that which can only be attained or accessed through something greater than just thought patterns. It's a letting go, and it's an entering into what I would call a state of intuition, creative energy. This is kind of the prototypical description of being a vessel or a finely tuned radio able to receive vibrations from... goodness knows where. I don't know."

On Selling Out

"Investing deeply into the jingle business, or playing vapid pop songs that are nothing but endless

cliché after cliché, or, in a sense, playing without any real commitment [is selling out]. It's not so much the style that determines the quality level, it's really what is being put into it, what is being given of yourself, and how much are you letting go? To me, whether it's gospel music or East Indian music or jazz or classical or folk singing or blues or whatever, the celebration of life can only be meaningful when there is the sense of getting ready to testify in whatever way that is natural and applicable for you. You kind of go off it from a sense of totality, in a sense saying, 'This is my life.'"

On Status

"Facets of society sort of dress up their wrappings to accommodate their cultural sense of self-acclaimed sophistication. The piano also had a wonderful alternate history in the United States, starting from the time of Ragtime and going into the areas of New Orleans from about 1900-1930. The piano, really, was for everybody. It wasn't just wealthy people. People were able to buy them more easily because they were a lot cheaper and so on, but now there's that sense of the piano being analogous to this kind of establishment, very sort of fringe oriented, but oh-so-self-congratulatory type of people. It's subversive; it's the sense of not giving a shit about propriety but wanting to cut through all the crap that is layered in society—the way people are alienated, the way that people are subjected to class and race and gender biases, the whole thing. Who you are as a person and what you play on whatever instrument is really the issue to what's going on."

The funny thing is, what we call 'classical music,' the best of that stuff is inspiring to me because it is in a state of greatness. The fact that we have this stuff, formal, sort of fucked up series of people who don't really care about the music embracing so-called official culture, well that is what it is, but that's not how I relate to music and it's not what I believe in. They haven't exactly been calling me to play their salon concerts on Sunday afternoons while they entertain business bigwigs in the light."

On Passwords

"I've known Henry [Kaiser] for 21 years, and we hadn't done an album, so in '97 we finally got around to making an album. So we simply got into the studio, improvised, and for the second session we asked Danielle De Grutolo, the cellist, to join us."

I like about three quarters of the album. There's about two or maybe three improvs that I wouldn't care if they weren't on the record. Maybe I'd even be happier. Cut number two I can live without. It didn't have a particularly evident center to it. It meandered a bit and I didn't really get to the point. It just kind of went along without really saying anything to me. Not every improv is going to be a bull's eye. I wouldn't say it's horrible, it's just non-descript."

On Radio

"I'm working on my voice, in a dramatic sense, not a singing sense, working on everything from concept characterization to voice over and projection. I've got quite a bit of written material for a radio show. You could call it an overall play, but it's essentially this: it's pushing the momentum of a creative energy in radio so that instead of having the rather predictable static medium of one announcer talk-

ing in between the music or having just an ordinary talk show in a linear format, I seek to have a constantly shifting environment supported by the use of samplers and means of constructing different background environments, changing characters, some of it written, some of it improvised, some of it incorporating some standard ideas like phone-ins, having guest artists speaking, but also this kind of thing of blending and merging the sense of what music is and what the musicality of the spoken word is, and I guess looking at the ways in which sound itself can be felt and treated as a magic medium."

I do like Co-op radio. CBC can be good, but it's a little bit sleepy. I have to admit, I don't listen to much of the AM radio, which has got more sociological-political discussions carrying on. That's something I should check out more. For the most part, radio sucks because it never takes the ball of imagination and runs with it. It just seems to be the same old same old."

On Vancouver

"The good news about Vancouver is that it is a great city to leave. I've moved from place to place. I have spent time in New York for three months, back in '93. Also I've played in Europe on many occasions, in the States a lot, and Canada a lot, so it's good to get away. I go away four or five times a year for two to three weeks at a time. That gives me the cosmopolitan edge that I use in my mental karate. I guess what I'm getting at is that Vancouver, as a home town, has a certain kind of built-in complacency. Vancouver's kind of cluttered with all sorts of Starbucks-kaiser-dashery-knickerbocker-provincial-like things to get distracted by instead of getting down to business, which is the making of as great a music as possible."

On Heroes

"In no particular order: I like Glenn Gould, Vladimir Horowitz, Wilhelm Kempff, Richter, Mary Lou Williams, Cecil Taylor, Errol Garner, Bud Powell, Bill Evans, Keith Jarrett. I'm not so hot on Elton John. Anyone who's not really giving totally, I get less than enthused about. Looking into European music stuff: Debussy, Bach, Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Wagner, Scriabin, Schonberg, Stravinsky, Bartok, Stockhausen, Sun Ra, John Coltrane, Captain Beefheart, these are a few of my favourite things..."

On Ellington

"Ellington's music is perhaps in a way the closest that I can think of where the actual content of the sound of the orchestra comes so close to directly tapping into what human feelings are. So there's a sense of beauty and elegance and it's very sensual. It's a kind of vibration that creeps beyond the detritus of the busy mind and just works on hitting one's inner being. That sounds a little wordy. I apologize, but I can't think of a way to say it."

On DISORDER

"DISORDER isn't afraid to publish what the people say. And you guys even swear a lot." •

Selected Discography

Everything in Stages (Singles)
 Passwords w/ Henry Kaiser and Danielle De Grutolo (Spool)
 Inevitable Meets Doctor Drums w/ Trichy Sankaran (Singles)

The year is 1967. Ashley Park's Terry Miles and I have just met in a far out downtown London, England café for a cup of hot coffee. I've never met Terry before, and when I see him I immediately recognize him as the face that must be the creative force behind Ashley Park. Besides, he looks just like his picture on the sleeve of his new album *Town and Country*. Terry reminds me of the young Simon Turner, Britain's teen pop idol with perfectly straight facial features and flowing, groovy hair. He's just about to take his music on the road and is smiling and affable. He looks forward to the tour with excitement and dread, but he's got what it takes. The birds are going to love him.

Okay, so we're not in London and the date is October 2000. We are actually sitting down for coffee at a café on Commercial Drive in Vancouver, BC, Terry's home for the last nine years. The rest of the story I have related is true. Terry is kind and genuine and something of a square peg in the Vancouver music scene. This is neither good nor bad, just an obvious difference.

It's the "light" nature of Ashley Park that sets it apart from many of the bands currently working around these parts. Terry's former band Saturnhead played Vancouver for a few years, gaining respect and a reputation as an indie-rock band with fine ideas. Fine ideas are well and good, but Terry was moving away from the guitar-based rock element and turning his attentions toward the chic and stylish '60s pop sound. Terry came to an appreciation of this music honestly, through respectful listening and searching for lovely melodies of the past and present.

My own appreciation of light pop came out of a misdirected irony; a way to annoy people, moving naturally from SPK to Boyd Rice's Music Martinis and Misanthropy. From there to the evil genius of Momus and right on into retro easy listening. Now I really enjoy the stuff.

DISORDER: What sort of things are you listening to at home or on the road?
Terry Miles: Hopefully we'll be taking the new High Llamas, the Drag City EP, if we could get a hold of that it would be nice. A lot of the '60s pop stuff. I guess.

I got a Small Faces compilation a while ago.

Yeah, I just copied a bunch of Small Faces from a friend of mine. Not that I'm into bootlegging, it's just so I can pick out where to start, what album to get. There's so much good music out there, we'll probably take some Momus and maybe some...

How about the Vancouver scene, what's your opinion of it?

I think there's a smattering of really good, amazing things and then... that's a good question because I don't think I've ever felt a real kinship with Vancouver bands.

That would have been my guess. You seem to have broken out of what seems to be that old-school muscle in the Vancouver scene these days.

I mean I love them, all my friends are in the bands. Aside from Destroyer, who I love, there's really not much that's the same kind of feeling. I feel more kinship with the Kindercore bands, which is why I sent out copies to [labels]. I sent out five copies, and everyone offered some kind of a licensing deal.

Really, which labels?
Oh, I don't wanna say. I'm not gonna say, but because they were really nice. A couple of them were upset. Not like angry, but Kindercore was the one. There's many [labels] that I love that I didn't send it to.

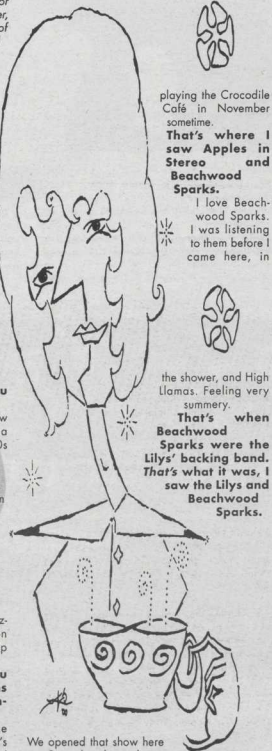
Kindercore is fantastic. I enjoy local bands like the Riff Randells, Radio Berlin, and Automovement and stuff like that.

Radio Berlin and Automovement record at the same studio I do, so there's sort of a loose connection there. My friends run the label.

I enjoy that stuff, but it's certainly not a Kindercore sort of thing. So you're about to go on tour. Why do you have to get up so early?

Ah man, last time we had to get to Portland it took us 11 hours from when we woke up here to get there, so, you know.

Aren't you playing in Seattle?
Seattle's a nightmare to get shows at, but we're



playing the Crocodile Café in November sometime.
That's where I saw Apples in Stereo and Beachwood Sparks.

 I love Beachwood Sparks. I was listening to them before I came here, in

the shower, and High Llamas. Feeling very summery.

That's when
Beachwood
Sparks were the
Lilys' backing band.
That's what it was, I
saw the Lilys and
Beachwood
Sparks.

We opened that show here as Saturnhead, and we played with Beachwood Sparks after that too.

Who are you playing with on the road?
Of Montreal at some point. We're playing with... Call and Response, at least I think we

Who would you like to tour with? Any bands, you know, like past or present?
I'd have to go with more current stuff, just

'cause...

It's a big list.

Obviously, yeah. I would love to tour with the High Llamas and the Lilys, of course.

If you could live in any city at any period of time, where would that be and what period?
London in the '60s for sure. Mid '60s to late

'60s, yeah, the swingin' '60s, right as it was getting out of the kinda rock 'n' roll stuff, like that *Mojo* CD 1965. Did you get that CD that came with *Mojo* magazine last issue?

No, what's on it?

It's all that stuff from 1965, like there's some Bowie on there... "Waterloo Sunset" [by the Kinks] closes it. It's so nice. Just right after that would be my ideal time.

If there was a movie about your life, who would play you?

Tobey McGuire.
Who's that? I'm afraid I don't know.

11 DISORDER

[INTERNATIONAL] NOISE CONSPIRACY by Julie C

Dennis Lyxzén of the [International] Noise Conspiracy is a fine example of Swedish straight-edge political manpower. Damn, he fronted the powerhouse known as Refused, and now he's kickin' it live-style as stylish head-conspirator in the Conspiracy. When I got him on the line from his home, I had to keep my gushing fan-girl tendencies at bay long enough to get a few questions out, but I did forget to ask anything I actually wanted an answer for. Maybe when he comes to town this month, November 10th at the Starfish Room, I can finally ask him to enlighten me as to the meaning of the Black Mask and to dish the dirt on functional collective living. Until then, I'll just have to keep dying my hair black and plotting the upheaval of capitalism!

DISORDER: Hi Dennis! Can you give us a quick story about the Noise Conspiracy, about what you do?

Dennis Lyxzén: I guess what we do is we're sort of a Marxist rock band. We play pretty good rockin' music that's also a full-on critique on capitalism. And how does that work in your home country of Sweden?

Ah, it works alright. I mean, no one's impressed by us here [laughs]. All in all, it works pretty good. Do you get in much trouble?

Not really. Sweden is a very liberal country. You can say pretty much whatever you want here and get away with it. We don't really get in trouble for the stuff we're saying here.

But does the [International] Noise Conspiracy act out? Do you take action? Every show we play and all the stuff we do is part of an action plan, definitely. We're active in numerous things, not only concerned with music. So, besides the many 7"s and two CDs

you've got under your belt, what else are you responsible for?

Oh man! A lot of causing some havoc and destruction, I guess. What we do also is, we have this project called the Black Mask Collective, which is like a loose political gathering of people that puts out records and political writings and stuff like that. You know, we try to be active in any way we can.

So you live the lifestyle that you preach?

Well, the thing is that as long as you live in a capitalist system it's kind of hard to be a socialist. It's not the best... I can't find the word... screw that! It's hard to live the life that you preach when you talk about being a socialist and you live in a capitalist world. We all live in collectives, we all work, you know, collectively with the music and with the ideas that we have. We try to incorporate as many socialist and radical ideas that we can into the everyday life that we live. Does that sum everything up?

Sure. So does the Noise Conspiracy live in one big house together?

No, a bunch of us live in a house, and some of us live in other collectives. We live in different collectives, I guess, but some of us live in a big house. How is your message being received over

on these shores?

I don't know yet, really. Generally, people seem to be excited about the prospect of us coming there and playing. I'm not quite sure what they'll say when we start rambling politics at them. I think, however, that the general idea that the people are fed up with "the Man" is international. I



think there's a need for some good old-fashioned punishing of America.

Only America?

Oh, not only America. We'll punish Canada too, don't worry!

People over here are still more familiar with Refused than the Noise Conspiracy. Yes.

Did you tour much over here with

Refused? How was that received?

We only toured one and a half times. We toured America in '96, and then we toured for like eight days in '98, then we broke up the band. I don't really know. Refused was one of those things that happened after we broke up, you know. No one really cared about us for seven years, and then we broke up, and now everybody really likes us. I don't really know how we were or what people thought of us.

Are you packaging the same messages?

Oh yeah, but a bit more focused and a bit more radical. Since I was the manifesto-maker of Refused, we definitely took the same ideas but just made them a bit more radical and a bit more focused. Yeah, definitely.

And how does your solo project, the Lost Patrol, come into all this?

Oh, it's just one of those corny singer-songwriter things. I'm very fascinated by the whole protest-singer movement. I just wanted to do

a project where I could actually talk to people between the songs and not be all fucked because you've been jumping around all the time. So, you know, it's just one of those things. I just try to sing the songs about love and revolution, I think. *

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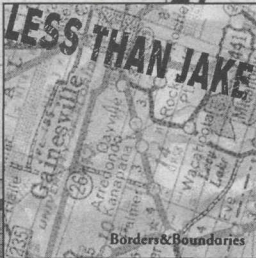
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The Lollies

by Jamaal

DISORDER So I was told that the Lollies consist of one Vancouverite, one American, and two Brits. How did this come about?

Lollies: The Lollies were brought together

interview them for her fanzine, Vacuum Boots, after hearing a buzz about the band on the net. Upon learning that she could play keyboard, The Lollies, impressed by her glittery boots, immediately asked her to join the band.

On the off-chance that this e-interview will be written, proofread, published, and distributed by the time you make it to North America, why don't you run down the tour for us.

Rockrgr Music Conference '00, Seattle, Washington: The Elysian, Nov 3, 9pm; The Meow Meow, Portland, USA: Nov 5, time TBA; The Brickyard, Vancouver, Canada, Nov 6, time TBA; Notting Hill Arts Club, London, UK: Dec 16, a Rofo event, time TBA.

New CD: Bang, bang, bang, lookout! Lookout! Lookout! our first CD EP is now officially released. You can get it by ordering from www.thelollies.co.uk or from www.roughtrade.com or stopping by Zulu Records.

How exciting is all this?

It is pretty thrilling to be getting well out of the brilliant but slightly insular London music scene. Once we've managed to sort out transportation, accommodation,

weeks ago, I've probably received 15 emails from your listserve-type thing. I presume you all have a pretty positive opinion of the place of the internet in music, promotion, etc.

Very much so. I'm not a real rock star, I just play one on the internet. Plus, using the internet we've got a worldwide fanbase and booked dates in North America without having to rely on a fascist, soul-sucking corporate record label. Said record labels should feel free to approach us to offer us a contract if they so choose. **Tell me about the scene where you live.** British culture is much more encouraging and positive about people in bands. In Canada the reaction you get tends to be "Oh, isn't that cute, you're in a band. Now when are you going to stop wasting your time and become a lawyer or something?" Whereas in Britain, people have much more respect for it. Our rehearsal space in London, The Joint, is like a little family with several bands who all go out to each other's gigs and offer support and work together. It makes all the hard work and cost seem worth it.

So former Canadian Prime Minister Pierre

Elliot Trudeau (aka the arrogant stud) just died. Does anyone anywhere else in the world give a shit?

Kate: Maggie Trudeau shagged Mick Jagger, so of course I care.

Jane: I can only remember how unpopular PET

through the wonders of the Internet. Bassist Jane Mountain, originally from Vancouver, Canada, had moved to England in early 1998 to immerse herself in the London music scene. Meanwhile, London-born but New York City-based guitarist Kate St. Claire had a spot of trouble with an expired green card and was faced with the awkward decision of staying in the US or making her way back to England. After a particularly raucous post-New Year's party, Kate and Jane woke up with roaring hangovers, a new band, and the written-on-the-spot, infectiously catchy single "Susan Is A Lesbian Now" (a true story about a mutual acquaintance) running through the heads of all the party guests. In late summer of 1999, Matthew Lazowski arrived in London with little more than a pair of drumsticks and an over-



developed appreciation of sugary girlpop. On the recommendation of some mutual friends, he turned up on Kate's doorstep, wondering if she knew anyone who needed a drummer. The last piece of the puzzle fell into place less than a week before their first gig. Token English person, Rachel Angel, had originally come down to The Lollies' rehearsal to



and equipment for each of the gigs, we'll have a lot more time to enjoy the excitement. Though Kate says she won't be excited at all until she puts [that's British for picking up] because of it. Cute boys be warned! **On November 11th, we in Canada will be observing Remembrance Day, when we remember Canadians who died trying to kill people from other countries. Who better than a pop musician to offer a profound perspective on the subject of war?** Well that's a pretty easy one. War is bad. There's not much else to say—although there have been some amazing technological advancements because of war. Like magnetic tape. Imagine a world without magnetic tape.

In the song "Green Card Marriage," you sing the line, "...like cubic zirconia shines so bright." I have a friend who thinks that cubic zirconia will one day rule the planet with an iron-like fist. Any opinion?

Your friend is weird. Either that or she owns shares in QBC. Besides, everyone knows the Black Star of India is destined to rule Earth.

Have you ever really brought happiness and gotten one free?

Yes. Yes we have.

Since I first contacted you a couple of

was when I was growing up in Alberta, so all the mourning over his death seems a little bit hypocritical. It's Canada's very own Princess Di moment, without all the tragedy of the loss of a young beautiful woman, of course.

What are the current odds being given by bookies in England that Prince Charles will marry a black woman?

2222:1

In this space you may provide any further comments you believe should be considered in your application for pop culture notoriety.

What, there's an application? Damn, we didn't know that. There should be more glitter in rock 'n' roll. Give us glitter, and we will share it with the world. *

<http://www.thelollies.co.uk>

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JR Ewing are a great band out of Oslo, Norway. They've only been together since 1998, and they've managed to put out a pretty impressive amount of material. This exclusive interview was conducted via email with Erlend and Andreas.

DISORDER: The JR Ewing statistics.

Erlend: We started up in early '98, and since then we've changed bass-players twice. Our current lineup is: Andreas on vocals, Jonas on drums, Petter on bass, Martin on guitar, and myself on guitar. We have one 7" out, two split 7"s, one full length CD/EP, and the newest thing is a CD with all the old 7"s, as well as some compilation tracks and an unreleased old song. We've toured three times—once in Scandinavia and twice around Europe. We've also played plenty of shows around Norway and right now we're taking a short break in January because our guitarist is in bed with his girlfriend. New songs are being made for a new release—what format is still unknown.

You don't have a "typical" hardcore band name. What made you choose JR Ewing?

Erlend: The name comes from the character JR Ewing from the soap opera series Dallas. Myself and the singer have always been big fans of the series and we chose the name in lack of any other good ones. At the time, the band was not supposed to be really serious or anything, and that's kind of why the name is not so serious. We've grown to accept it and at least it's a name people remember, which is always a good thing.

How did calling in dead come together? How did you hook up with Coalition in the Netherlands, and how is working with the label? Coalition has a very impressive history...

Erlend: When we returned from our tour in '99, we were supposed to split up, but the tour made an

of shit for that. But I mean, when we played here in Oslo two weeks ago, over 200 people showed up and danced their asses off, so we've definitely got an audience. The old-school scene is close to dead, and there aren't a whole lot of straightedge kids left, but there are some hardcore bands playing, some good and some not. The scene as a whole for hardcore seems pretty gone, and not a lot of people go to the shows anymore. We have more in common with the punk rock scene, based around Blitz (a famous squat in Oslo), but also a whole lot of other people—everything from indie rock kids (not hardcore "emo kids") to rock 'n' roll fans, so I'm very happy about that. Thank God we reach out to many different audiences, or else it would be very sad.

Andreas: Lash Out is dead by the way. Well, there are a lot of different bands. Unfortunately very few good ones, but the crust/power violence bands like Jin Rick Show, Infamy, John Hissing, Committed Fuckin Suicide, make it all worthwhile. As Erlend said, the people that come to our shows in Oslo are damn varied. From grungers, stonists (the drummer from Saywice is supposedly a fan of JR Ewing), hardcore kids, drunk punks, PC kids, lo-fi people, synthpop/electronic people to just what-the-fuck-ever, you know!

"Hardcore," "Punk." What do these words mean to you?

Erlend: Hardcore in my ears sounds a little bit too macho for me to relate to completely. Most of the bands in the hardcore genre that I listen to are actually just punk rock bands with different sounds. "Hardcore" makes me think of Victory Records or early Revelation-stuff, and neither of these things really apply to me. "Punk rock" is something I can relate to a whole lot more to, as I think our sound is pretty punk rock in many ways, and in my eyes JR Ewing is far from a "hardcore" band. None of us



though not executed as the sentence was originally set several years ago. Punk and hardcore bands have done benefits, flexidisks, and all kinds of different support and help to spread the message about Mumia Abu-Jamal. I guess on a whole it's not about him, but people who are imprisoned for their political beliefs.

Are politics important to JR Ewing? Do you think hardcore has lost its political edge?

Erlend: Politics are important for some of the members in JR Ewing, but we don't consider ourselves a political band. The band as a whole doesn't have a political agenda. In our case this is not possible, as the various members have different opinions on issues, and it would be wrong for us to pretend to all feel the same, as many bands seem to. In many cases the political ideas are the driving force of the bands, and this represents a nice challenge to all the moronic, non-thinking, and narrow-minded macho hardcore bands out there. Bands like His Hero is Gone and Catharists have been inspiring for me, and I salute the fact that they say the things they do, even though not all of it is relevant to me. Or, to rephrase myself: it's hard for me to actually "live out" many of these ideas. Though I must agree with them, in some ways I feel reluctant to act out on all the way. But as long as you draw some relevance from them, I think that is the most important thing.

Andreas: I would dare to say that some of my lyrics have a critical, maybe a sarcastic view of the community I live in, or rather social issues. But that is my personal view on things. Sometimes I attend political meetings/workshops and demonstrations that I find appealing, but again that is me as an individual. I feel it's not right to voice my political opinions in the band since we do have different views on things.

What sort of goals do JR Ewing have?

Erlend: We want to take the band as far as possible, and there are limitations—such as work, school, and all that bullshit. We want to make another record and do another tour, but it's important for us to settle how we're going to do things, and so on. The members in the band are often way too busy to be able to play shows all the time and stuff like that.

Andreas: Well, obviously music. I grew up with music around me all the time since my dad runs a record label. My friends and family really make it worthwhile. I think one must never forget the value of friendship and we must not take it for granted. There are always periods where I can't stand being around other people, like sitting in my apartment alone, listening to Joy Division and Portraits of Past, feeling sorry for myself, hehe. I also love to write; I've been doing it for some years now. I've done about five or six different "zines" and have material for about fifty more. Someday I would like to write a novel. You know, things sometimes bottle up inside of you: whether it's love, angst, depression, happiness, frustration, joy or whatever-the-fuck, and there are different ways of handling it. I do it through writing and drawing.

Any plans to tour North America?

Erlend: We've been talking about it many times. Lately it seems like there's a growing interest for the band in the US and Canada, as we've received emails and letters from people there, but I've heard so many discouraging stories about European bands touring "over there." I think our



musical style would be well-received, as many people seem to be into "the Scandinavian sound." Since I have what many friends in bands over there, it would be easier to go over and get shows. But we'll see what the future brings.

When you're not doing JR Ewing what are you doing?

Erlend: Well, I'm getting more and more involved in something called V8 Management, which is done with a friend of mine from the band Lash Out and some other people. We do booking for some Norwegian bands (not hardcore or punk bands by the way) and I also book some foreign bands for shows in Norway. I just started there, but it seems like it will be a somewhat fulltime job in the end. Other than that I work for an internet provider, but this work has started to get pretty boring so I'll look for another one soon. When not working, I hang out with my friends, drink, dance, and have fun. I'm blessed with a bunch of good friends, and I love to just hang out and take it easy.

Andreas: I play in an electronic synth-pop thing together with Earl, a power violence band, and an Iron Maiden-influenced heavy metal band. Besides that I just started in a new job with Norway's biggest insurance company. To be honest, I totally hate it. I've spent the last three years working with children, and that was just so fucking cool. I loved it, but sadly, it's shitty paid work!

Anything that you'd like to add?

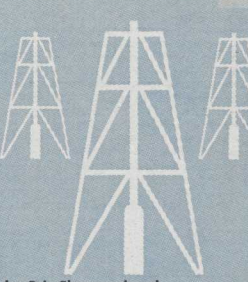
Erlend: Earl, thanks for the interview. It's cool to get some sort of recognition from other parts of the world, and I hope we get to play over there sometime soon. Take good care and keep up the good work. People can check out our records, if they're interested in what we're doing. Thanks.

Andreas: Yeah thanks, and whoop a jack's bottom from me, OK? Love and take care. *

Contact JR Ewing c/o Erlend Møkkelbøst, Jagerveien 12H, 0777 Oslo, Norway.

erlend@erling.no
http://www.jrewing.com/

To read the complete version of this interview, check out <http://lissayouhard.vancouverhardcore.com>



by Eric Flexyourhead
photos by Håkon Mosvold Larsen



impact on us and turned out to be very inspiring in different ways. We had a couple of new songs already and decided to just write a bunch of new ones, and we wrote it all in two months. It was easy for us, as the chemistry in the band was great and we had a bunch of ideas we wanted to make happen. So by December '99, we had 12 songs we had worked hard on, and went to record them. The whole recording, including mixing, was done in six days around Christmas time, and we were really happy.

How we hooked up with Coalition: they emailed us to order 60 7"s—which is a whole lot—and we happened to mention to them that we were thinking of recording a full-length record. They were really interested, as they had seen us at the Laperfest last year. We sent them a tape with some songs and we decided to do it together. We had a few different choices, but stuck with Coalition Records as they are great and honest people, plus they've released a bunch of awesome bands and they seem to work really hard on their label. We're very happy with the work they've done for us, and the fact that you have our record kinda proves they've done their homework. Hehe. There certainly aren't a lot of people living in Oslo, yet the scene there seems to be pretty strong, and the musical styles quite varied. You've got your Lash Out, your Sportsweat (RIP) scene, and the older, more "crust"-influenced scene. Where do JR Ewing fit in?

Erlend: Well, JR Ewing has turned out to be a band that appeals to all sorts of people. The ordinary HC kids don't really have an interest in us, and we don't have much of an interest in them. This is all because of the fact that we've said things on stage that they don't agree with, like talking about their so-called "unity" etc, and we got a lot

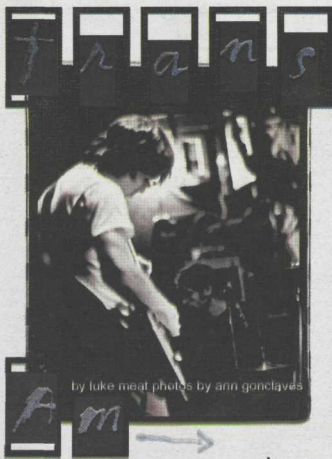
of straight-edge, and although we come from a hardcore background in some ways, I believe the people we reach out to, as well as the way we sound, has everything to do with rock 'n' roll and punk rock, and not hardcore. I don't know if you think there is a difference, but in my eyes there is. I'd rather listen to Drive Like Jehu and Government Issue than Hatebreed and Snopace, to put it that way.

Andreas: I don't know, just something I've been heavily involved in for several years now: doing shows, playing in bands, touring, making shirts, doing zines, flyers and stuff. I agree with Earl and I consider myself as more of a punk kid than a hardcore kid. To me, punk doesn't mean the musical aspect of it. Punk is about being aware mentally, socially, and environmentally. Not about dress codes and how dirty your clothes are. I remember Earl, some place in Germany, asking a guy why the hell it's sooo impossible to clean up a squat once in a while. The response was that to do so wasn't punk at all!

Can we, the hardcore scene, make a change?

Erlend: It depends on what changes you have in mind. I don't think you can make much of a political change, but on a personal level you can make all the changes in the world, which I also think is the most important—at least for me. It's like vegetarianism. The world won't stop eating meat, but if you do, you will most likely feel better about yourself and it will make a positive change in your life. If Boy Sets Fire think they can change the world by talking 10 minutes between each song and by being an every Victory sampler, then they're dead wrong.

Andreas: Well, I think so, but maybe on a scale where it doesn't get that much results. An example is Mumia Abu-Jamal. Sadly, he's still in prison,



by luke meat photos by ann gonzales

Warning: The following interview has no relevance to the band TRANS AM; nor does it contain anything related to their music, performance, or skill. During this discussion Trans Am were informed that, due to certain paperwork not completed by a certain record label, they would in fact have to drive back to the fucking border to deal with it. Needless to say, it put a bit of a damper on the interview.

DISCORD: Anyways, welcome to Vancouver! The last time you were here was with Sex Finger Satellite. Phillip Manley: Yeah, we played here in November of '96. I've been trying to locate some pre-history information on you guys, but I couldn't find very much, so I apologize for this question: how did you guys meet?

We all grew up together in Maryland, in a suburb of Washington, DC. I went to high school with Nathan. Sebastian went to school in Argentina, and he moved back when Nate and I were juniors in high school, and all three of us started playing together and stuff. Maryland does not have a professional hockey team at all. We have the Washington Capitals.

That's true; however, growing up in a suburb with no hockey team to aspire to play on... is music your only other recourse? Is that why Trans Am exists?

Hockey isn't like it is in Canada, but we're all really big Cops fans—Sebastian in particular. How do you think they'll do this year?

Ahh... they're never very good. They were good once.

Our fair city of Vancouver has repeatedly been accused of having passive and unenthusiastic audiences. What has been your most unresponsive audience?

I remember Vancouver being like that, but Sex Finger Satellite were very confrontational. Oh! In Holland they were quiet and really reserved.

Is "Kraut Rock" a racist term?

Nah, people in Germany call Kraut Rock "Kraut Rock" so...

Do you feel the term is applicable to Trans Am?

Somehow a lot of people seem to think so. I mean, it's experimental rock music, basically.

As mentioned above, the interview is then interrupted by the promoter telling band they have to go back to the border to sign documents that were not done by record label. Mood shifts quite dramatically. Being on Thrill Jockey, do you get annoyed by being grouped in the so-called Chicago scene?

Not anymore. I don't care. It's less and less so because we've been around long enough.

Have you toured with Stereolab, and if so, have you seen any of the girls naked?

[laughs] No and no.

Are you familiar with the term "Big Brother Music"?

No.

This is a term that has been cropping up to describe bands like Trans Am, Tortoise, Sea and Cake, etc., wherein it's the kind of music your older geeky brother would listen to, and you would sneak into his room and listen to them when he's not home. Does Trans Am have any "Big Brothers"?

Yeah, I had an older sister and I would totally sneak into her room and listen to her records, so I guess that term fits.

Japanese releases of Trans Am albums often contain tracks not released in North America, much to fans' chagrin. What's up?

We have a CD now with all of those songs available. What it is... in Japan, there's such a massive tax on domestic CDs so the imports wind up being cheaper, so since we like to sell records over there, we have to put extra tracks on them.

Okay. Is the DC hardcore scene still in effect? Are there any kids at your shows with Xs on their fists?

Uhhhhhh... No, not really.

Shawn Conner, who interviewed you for our weekly "entertainment and arts guide," The Georgia Straight, compared the cover of The Red Line [Trans Am's most recent release] to the Glider EP by My Bloody Valentine.

Yeah, I figured that out afterward.

Which is a better album cover: Hemispheres by Rush or Tales of Topographic Oceans by Yes?

I don't remember Hemispheres.

It's the one where a naked man is pointing at a man in a business suit, and they're standing on a giant brain.

I don't remember... I like Roger Dean's artwork, so Topographic Oceans.

In the same article he states that The Red Line [a double album] recalls Daydream Nation and Zen Arcade. Why do music journalists always refer to the "double album" as the "epic work"?

Well, the artists get to stretch out more. There's much more space to work within. You see more of the thought process.

Are you familiar with the fanzine Tuba Frenzy at all?

Oh yeah! We're good friends with them.

You did a split 12" with the band Wingtip Sloat. Whatever happened to them?

No idea. We never even met them for that 12".

One final question. I know you're interested in nature documentaries [the last Trans Am album was influenced by and recorded to various nature documentaries] and similar PBS-type stuff. How much would you pay for an original Bob Ross painting?

I don't know. *

CiTR 101.9 FM DJ PROFILE STEVE EDGE "THE SATURDAY EDGE" SATURDAYS, 8 AM-12 PM



Record played most often on your show:

Patrick Street, Irish Times "Music For A Found Harmonium" [It's been the theme tune for the show for the past 11 years.]

Record you would save in a fire:

Anything recorded "live" at The Rogue Folk Club over the past 13 years. La Bottine Souriante's *En Spectacle*. The Complete Brats Monkey. Eliza Carthy's *Red Rice*.

Record that should burn in hell:

Anything commercially "viable" that gives true folk/roots music a bad name [eg. John McDermott, 20 Best Irish Folk Songs, navel-gazing songwriters, lusty folk singers in Arran sweaters, etc.].

Worst band you like:

Les Barker (English poet and professional idiot).

Last record you bought:

Mary Black, *Speaking With The Angel* (last week).

First record you bought:

The Beatles, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (Christmas 1967).

Musician you'd most like to marry:

Kate Rusby (English singer and multi-instrumentalist. A wonderful singer of traditional and contemporary songs).

Favourite show on CiTR:

Mine. I like Lucky Scratch and Blood On The Saddle and Gavin Walker's Jazz Show, too.

Strangest phone call received while on-air:

I was filling in on a night when CiTR was hosting a big party at 86 Street Music Hall a few years ago. Nobody told me we were going off the air at 9pm. I stayed on until 10pm. For the last 3 hours I started saying "I would leave unless I received requests. I had all sorts of records requested—everything from hardcore to folk to classical to comedy. I think I might even have saved a life—or more likely, ended one or two! *

BLINDING LIGHT!! 3RD ANNUAL VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FOLK FESTIVAL NOVEMBER 23-26

Under Review



ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA

AT THE DRIVE-IN Relationship Of Command (Grand Royal)

When a band like this El Paso, Texas five-piece is highly regarded for their live show, it should stand to reason that their records hold the same high praise. Now I admit that my previous knowledge of this group is scarce, but I do recall liking some of the stuff they've put out so far. With their new effort, I'm sure long-time fans of the **Drive-In** will like this, and they'll gain some new converts with their bombastic post-punk sounds. They owe a large debt to bands like the late **Jesus Lizard** and **Fugazi**, as well as newer exploration of what the kids are calling the "emo" sound. If my musings haven't satisfied you, catch the intense rock action when A.T.D.I. swing through town November 15 at Dick's On Dicks and see what all the fuss is about.

Bryce Dunn

THE BANGS Sweet Revenge (Kill Rock Stars)

The **Bangs** are smart. The **Bangs** are sexy. The **Bangs** know a thing or two about catchy hooks and well-placed handclaps. If the **Bobbyteens** were on a collision course with **The Go-Go's**, and **The Donnas** were there to pick up the pieces, we'd have ourselves this power-pop trio. Oh yeah, the title cut is definitely sweet. And **The Bangs** will have their revenge... just you wait.

Bryce Dunn

ART BERGMANN Vultura Freeway (AudioMonster.com)

It seems more than just a little strange to be reviewing an album which is over 16 years old. But when it comes to unsung singer/songwriter and Vancouver expat **Art Bergmann**, even the strangest and most bewildering situations seem normal.

Bergmann is the man who

managed to blow recording deals with such major labels as Polygram and Sony by simply being himself and pulling no punches, both on his recordings and with the media. His mixture of creative genius and a dark, troubled soul has never been better displayed than on this, his solo debut. This album was cut in February to May of 1984, shortly after the disbanding of **Los Populares**, and two years before the launching of his **Poisoned** side project. This period of Bergmann's solo career—which stubbornly lingers on in Toronto to this day—was quite possibly the most musically creative time-span he would see, either solo or with a group.

I originally got **Vultura Freeway** in 1985, shortly after its release, and it was one of my favourite albums of that year. I was heartbroken when it was broken in a move a couple of years back, as it is a difficult album to find on vinyl. What exactly possessed

AudioMonster.com, of all music "distribution" companies in Canada, to remaster and re-release this gem of a disc is beyond me. But I believe it is an unbelievably generous gift to Bergmann fans and '80s indie music fans alike.

Sure, much of the music on this album is quite dated and even periodically overwrought with '80s cheese, but that contributes a great deal to its present charm. If one overlooks these aspects, what one discovers is that on this album's 10 songs Bergmann unflinchingly bares his soul—warts, warps, weaknesses and all—through his lyrics and sometimes dark and disturbing music. Musical backup is courtesy of former members of such legendary local punk bands as **Pointed Sticks**, **AKA**, and Bergmann's first band, the **Young Canadians**. The fact that all these people donated their time to play shows the true spirit of the Vancouver indie scene of the '80s.

Much of this material first saw light with **Los Populares** or the **Young Canadians**, or saw new life with **Poisoned** or during Bergmann's major-label solo career. Either way, listening to these songs makes me think, "Was it any wonder no mainstream label knew how to market Bergmann's music?" He

revealed a dark underbelly of everyday life that most people at the time wanted no knowledge of. Today, that sort of angst and nihilistic content is considered a hot commodity—the stuff of sure-fire mainstream radio hits. If only Art were 16 years younger today, he'd be a big fat fuckin' rock star. Go figure.

Spike

BRASSY Got It Made (Wiiija)

With crunchy guitars, killer record scratchwork, snarl vocals, and attitude to spare, **Manchester's Brassy** mixes a musical molotov cocktail to blow the dancefloor to bits.

Lameass club DJs and sly prefab female bands better watch their asses, or Brassy will kick them senseless. No foolin'. Records' hip-as-hell **Wiiija** Records, which has recently treated us to such girl-positive bands as **Le Tigre**, has taken a shine to Brassy and the result is a killer debut from the band which features **Jon Spencer's** sister, **Muffin**, on bass and, on selected tracks, behind the turntables.

Brassy's mix of funk, house, hip hop, blues, and pop-punk creates a sound which is truly unique and energetic. Check out the acid house/punk-ish

"No Competition," the hip-hop-ish "I Can't Wait," and the funky, astro-bluesy "That's the Way"; all three tunes could easily qualify as signature tunes for the band, with numerous other tracks being close runners-up to the title of "Brassy Anthem." They each encapsulate Brassy's take-no-shit ethos and are absolutely catchy in their own respective ways.

Groups like Brassy are what show me a ray of hope that the future of independent (female-driven) music is not that bleak, and that perhaps we might yet see yet another British invasion—this one not so annoying and shallow as the one we saw a few years back—with Brassy front-and-centre.

MAC

EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT Sleepy Aircraft (Sleepy Bunny)

Just what the world needs: another band that wants to be **My Bloody Valentine**. It's pretty incredible that almost a decade since the Valentines last managed to finish a record there are still a million-and-one groups out there ripping them

turn the page
for more under
review...

Kick around

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DJs **Todd O** and **Mike** mix the lush classic house with the deep bizness. Visuals by **Urban**. \$6, doors 9pm.

Tue Jambalaya

FIWU presents an evening of soul, funk, jazz & hip-hop with **DJs Blaise, Science & Agee**. \$5, doors 9pm.

Sat Jazdup

Live local and international acts on rotation with **DJs Dr.J** as resident soul selector jazzin' up your house. Cover \$7, doors 9pm.

Wed The Funktion presented by CTR 101.9 fm

Vancouver's Premier Funk Night! CTR Djs **Lush** and **Nat X** mix the finest funk faves with acid jazz & slick soul. \$5, doors 9pm

Sun Nice

Sexualicious house music from **DJs Leanne** and **Dickey Doo**. Hosted by the House of Venus. \$5, doors 9pm.

Thur Lampin'

DJ **Vinyl Ritchie** spins breaks, beats, hip-hop & drum n'bass w/ local vocal diva/MCs **Kia** & **QB**. \$5, doors 9pm.

SPECIAL EVENTS: 11/04 - Live - Recipe From A Small Planet 11/11 - Headlands - Upstairs Recordings CD Release Party 11/12 - Scorpio Party @ Nice featuring guest vocalist **Kalia**. 11/15 - Creation Crew @ The Funktion 11/25 - Mela 4 Live @ Jazdup Book your Christmas party now!



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off.

This one—a four-piece from Austin, Texas—exists at the rockier end of the dreampop spectrum. Having noted that, there's very little to distinguish this six-track EP from a zillion-and-one other efforts.

All the pieces are in place—wall of distorted guitars, dreamy vocals, etc.

There are even some vague-ish analogue synth squiggles and kraut rock-style grooves thrown in for good measure. All these idiomatic clichés are used very competently but to little effect and, in the absence of anything surprising or imaginative, they become little more than empty gestures.

The problem is that **Experimental Aircraft** are too reliant on rigid structures in their songs and too enamoured with effects-pedal presets in their arrangements. They'll have to learn to experiment more if they really want to take off. *Sam Macklin*

THE FUCKING CHAMPS IV (Drag City)

I need this. So do most of you, I bet. If you ever have those days when you just feel like you can't go on unless you hear some raucous guitar action, this record cures the ailment. **The Fucking Champs** rule. This

album of instrumental rock epics can do no wrong—every single second of every single song (except maybe when they sing that one time) will have you rocking back and forth, head flying in that up-and-down motion, until sickness sets in. This album, may I be so bold to say, will make you want to turn longhair. No joke. Get it and feel good. Or, you could just listen to old **Styx** records. Does the same trick, I suspect.

Julie C.

ISOTOPE 217 Who Stole the Walkman? (Thrill Jockey)

I've tried to give this disc a fair chance. I've made numerous attempts to listen to it the whole way through without shutting it off, but it is just not conducive to enjoyment. I can only describe it as basically unremarkable electro-jazz punctuated by long stretches of drony nothing. It's the kind of fare that is dished out at two in the morning on Brave New Waves after the listening public has lost all sense of value judgment.

I must admit I wasn't expecting much in the first place. Even though **Isotope 217** has an impressive Chicago/Thrill Jockey style roster, it seems to emanate "side project." With songs titles like "Kidtronic,"

"Meta Bass," and "Moonlex," a pervasive sense of annoyances is established long before you start listening to the album. I have always firmly believed that the whole electronic-jazz concept was doomed from the outset. Besides being generally pretentious, it always seems to capture the worst qualities of both styles, creating rigid, robotic instrumentation and clichéd and uninteresting themes. Alas, this album only further cemented my preconceptions. I'm sure fans of this group's previous efforts will find this album enjoyable to a certain degree, but I have no intention of revisiting it any time soon. *Ian Mosby*

THE JAZZ JUNE The Medicine (Initial)

I put this disc in and played Playstation with my friend Jeremy. We had to stop—jaws dropped—and break out with improv air guitar before resuming Tony Hawk 2. You know that was hard to do—put down Tony, that is. We weren't sure if the player was on live-disc random, but upon further examination discovered it was them all along. That's how they jump out. **The Jazz June**: jingling guitars, gem vocals, and juicy lyrics with many change-ups. *The Medicine* is a healthy dose

of emo/indie rock. The sound is simply a spectacle that you need to hear for yourself. Initial records did a good job on this one.

Sean Barr

JEGA Geometry (Matador)

He's back and oh, so loaded. Dylan Nathan of England's **Jega** is back with a triumphant and highly enjoyable follow-up to his 1998 **Matador** effort, *Spectrum*. Whether it's the obvious thematic rhythms or the haunting, somewhat tragic undertones, this album will creep-crawl its merry way under your skin. And that's a good thing. Like *Spectrum*, *Geometry* is highly inventive and schizophrenic but a little more mature. Not too mature, of course—this is listener electronica after all—but this release contains more of Nathan's own personality and less of his influences. *Rana E.*

KID 606 Down With The Scene (Ipecac)

CHICKS ON SPEED *Unleashes* (K) **LOLITA STORM** *G-F-S-U* (DHR Fatal) I feel like a bit of a Little Twin

Star this month, what with all the gushing I feel is in order for new troublemakers on the DHR scene.

If only I could date **Kid 606**. We would sit around at his house all day long, smoke some mad reefer, and play with gear. The sounds emitting from that bedroom, like most of the stuff on *Down With The Scene*, would be perfect examples of organized chaos. **Kid 606** brings on the noise like no other but doesn't get caught up in the bombastic gabber beats of most DHR releases. He's got a few roaring tracks on this release, but it also serves to provide us with a wide variety of sounds. Violence and beauty mix it up on here, and I haven't heard an album this diverse, yet fully complete, in a while.

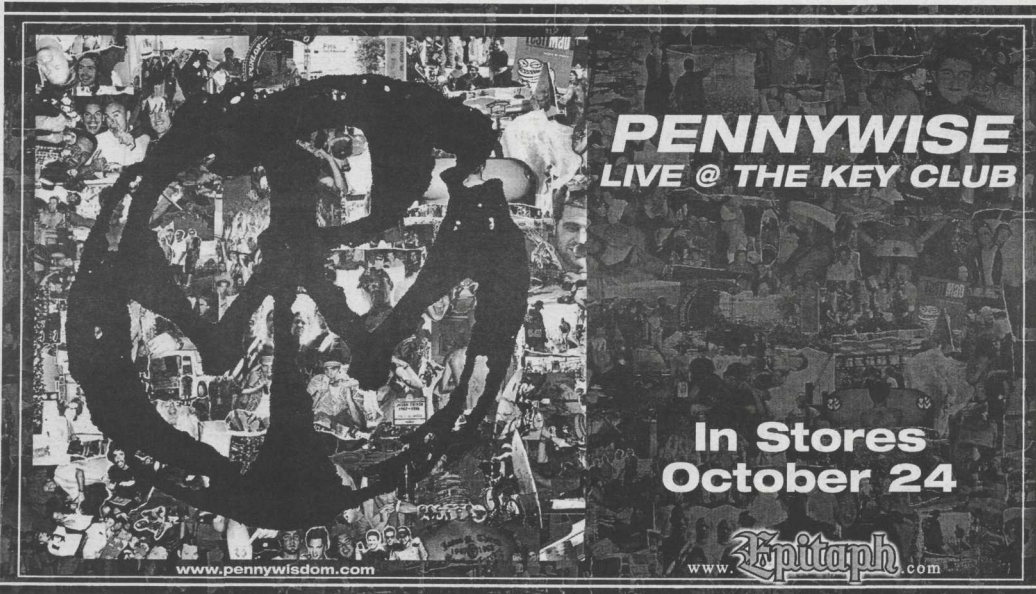
I'd like to say that the new girls I love are going at it in such fine form as well, but I can't give full credit to the **Chicks on Speed** or **Lolita Storm**. Unfortunately, the Chicks have a mile-high list of gearheads responsible for the fucked-up dance-tronic sounds they dish out, and the girls behind Lolita are not too keyboardly-coordinated either. That complaint aside, I've got more than a few reasons why I still love the ladies.

Chicks on Speed are really annoying, and only in a some-

what clever way. I jumped all over their Euro-tastic release ...*Will Save Us All*, and I am extremely pleased that K's gone out of its way to collect a boat-load of tracks for *Unleashes*. Three artschool debutantes kick it wild-style with a collection of disturbingly catchy tunes, the best of which come from the full-length. The best stuff comes with covers of two **B-52s** songs, "Give Me Back My Man" and "Song For A Future Generation." Try playing the originals back-to-back with these for optimum mind-bending pleasure. The electronicity of this stuff is really skilful, if not to everyone's taste.

My other mad props go out to Lolita Storm. These young ladies like to mess it up in a raunch sort of way. The vocals are my favourite kind: loud, British, and way out of tune. With song titles like "I Wanna Meat Injection" and "Hey Hot Stuff! (Geddup On My Pony)," you can probably guess what you're in for. What you might not expect, though, is the onslaught of gabber beats. This album is a good idea, if only because I miss the **Huggy Bear/Skinned Teen** days of my youth. *Julie C.*

LADY TRON *Commodore Rock*



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P music—anything that sou. "It was made on a Coleco Vision—makes me giddy. So this is a CD of my dreams. Take some cool chicks and have them sing over Casio beats, and you have a hit CD, in my opinion. "Roco" is my favorite song. All about a department store. "I knew your name from the check-out machine." It's love songs for robots. Good stuff. Swoon.

tesla vanhalen

LEILA Courtesy of Choice (X)

Leila Arab's *Like Weather* is yet another lost classic of left-field British pop. Created by a Londoner of aristocratic Iranian extraction, who happened also to be Björk's sound-persona, it received a small amount of critical acclaim before vanishing without trace. Presumably, its combination of classic soul and experimental electronica proved to be too awkward a juxtaposition for most listeners.

Given Leila's poor commercial track record and her status as a music industry insider, one might expect *Courtesy of Choice* to represent a move towards more generically comfortable, commercially viable material. In fact, this new full-length is, if anything, an even more wayward excursion than *Like Weather*.

Her waywardness—presumably what puts most listeners off—is the charm of Leila's music. It all starts with the apparently effortless way she turns conventional notions of soul and authenticity on their heads. She works with fairly conventional "soul" vocalists but effects-processes them to the point that they start to sound like malfunctioning automations. Meanwhile, she creates backdrops of gritty electronic textures, which are astonishingly organic in their raw tactility.

The result of all this is a disarmingly fresh personal idiom, which is as beautiful as it is unwieldy. Don't let this idiosyncratic talent go to waste.

Sam Macklin

THE OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL

Presents: *Singles and Beyond*

(Elephant 6)
The first thing I did upon getting

into my friend Ian's car after leaving the DISORDER office with a couple of CDs was put the new **Olivia Tremor Control** into his new CD player. "What are we listening to again?" he asked. "The new Olivia Tremor Control," I replied. "It says here it's a single collection." At a red light a couple of songs in, he turned his head and looked at me in disbelief. "These are singles?" Needless to say, I didn't get very far into the album before he took it out in favour of his also newly bought **Travis** album.

My friend Ian obviously doesn't understand the awesome power of the four-track so, Ian, if you're out there reading this, here's a quick lesson. When recording on a four-track, you have two options: you can either limit yourself to the four tracks or you can double up on tracks. When doubling up, for tripling up, quadrupling up, etc.), you record on three of the tracks and then dub what you've recorded onto the fourth, thereby freeing up the original three for more layers. A good four-track recorder can do this internally, which minimizes the tape hiss, but if you have a cheap one like mine, you have to dub the three tracks onto your cassette deck, then dub it back onto the fourth track of the four track cassette, which causes a noticeable degrading of the sharpness of the sound quality and causes a lot of tape hiss. The more layers you put in, the noisier it is to pick out individual parts and the music becomes unified and indivisible; to the uninitiated, it becomes a blurry mess.

Back to the Olivias: this album isn't really a collection of singles so much as it is a collection of the band's early out-of-print work, most notably the *California Demos 71* and the *Giant Day EP*, both of which were recorded on four-track. It has everything you'd expect: the wall of sound, the layered vocals, and, most importantly, the warm, insular tape hiss. When I listen to the Olivias' newer stuff, I get the same feeling as when I listen to the new *Microphones* album or anything *Sebadoh*'s put out in the last seven years. They're all still good albums, but they feel detached and sterile without the hiss. "If it ain't broke, why fix

it?" as the saying goes. That's what makes this album so great: you get to hear the Olivias as they were meant to be heard, before they had studio recording or any of that nonsense. So there might not be any radio-type singles on this album, but if you're still recording this, chances are you're looking for a bit more than that.

goadrey j. leung, et al.

JOHN VANDERSLICE *Mass Suicide Occult Figurines* (Borsuk)

Okay I admit it, I read other peoples' reviews before I write my own, which is what made this one so hard. John Vanderslice's first solo album was pretty much universally acclaimed; one well-respected publication even called it "The Next Big Indie Thing," but I never really thought it was anything special, so I figured that all those indie snobs knew something I didn't. I've listened to this album 20 times now, and I still don't see it. It's a nice enough album, it just doesn't warrant all the acclaim it gets. Okay, so John Vanderslice used to be in the unheard but critically lauded *MK Ultra*, and he brought in some of his former bandmates to play on this album with him, but the songs are still pretty pedestrian, and the lyrics are rather sophomoric; "Bill Gates Must Die" certainly isn't the daring political statement some reviewers have made it out to be. On the indie cred side, I hear a lot of *Poster Children* on this album, with a bit of *Quasi* here and some *Jets to Brazil* there. On the other side, I also get this *Eve* vibe from it, and the singing reminds me a lot of the *Altaris*.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that if you're looking for a nice power-pop album, you'd probably like this, but if you're thinking of buying this because you read a review that described an *Apples in Stereo* album instead of this one, I'd get the *Apples*.

goadrey j. leung, et al.

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Kindercore Fifty* (Kindercore)

Sophistopop label Kindercore hit its stride this year and has just released this swell three-disc sampler of their roster's finer moments. This sampler resembles the Darlo Records four-CD

set which came out a few months ago to celebrate the label's 100th release. The two record companies share a similar taste for well-crafted and humble international pop music. In Kindercore's case, you'll find bands such as *Masters of the Hemisphere*, *Of Montreal*, *Ashley Park*, *Japancakes*, *A Sunshine Fix*, *Apples in Stereo*, *Birdie*, *I Am the World Trade Center*, and many more. These bands are featured on disc one of this collection. The next disc covers Kindercore's classic singles and out-of-print rarities (also similar to Darlo's 100), and while it doesn't quite hold the fantastic qualities of the new roster, there's nothing to sneeze at, either: included are *Major Organ*, the *Adding Machine*, and two tracks from the "never-released" *Vetran/Serious Teeth* split cassette. I can assure you that these are terrific recordings to add to your collection—even if just for disc three, which really glitters: tracks by *Olivia Tremor Control* (remixed by *I Am the World Trade Center*), *Japancakes* (remixed by *Electronic Watusi Boogaloo*), and *Crush 22* (remixed by *Vetran*). It's worth it. Yes it is.

Bleek

THE VIPERS *Outta the Nest* (Cavestomp)

"This is not an imitation or a tribute. It is the real thing all over again." Garage kids seem so only listen to music that's at least 20 years old. Which is why it took me so long to review this CD. Ha ha.

This music isn't that old. See, I was supposed to do it months ago but for some reason when I brought it home, it just sat in my apartment, collecting dust. Boy, am I dumb. This CD is great. Catchy rawk that'll have ya singing along and shakin' yer booty like yer cool enough to have a shag haircut and striped tee shirt. Who cares if you were only seven when this first came out, you shoulda been there. Man, then were the days. Not like now, where *Britney Spears* rules the world. Just kidding again. This is rawk and everyone needs something to rawk out to.

tesla vanhalen

THIS HOLIDAY THE BEST IN ELECTRONIC MUSIC IS ON...





BT's album *Movement in Still Life* includes the singles: "Smartbombs" and "Never Gonna Come Back Down", as well as the club smash "Dreaming"



Summerbreeze, over 70 minutes of music mixed by DJ Tiësto including Deterium's international club smash "Silence" (DJ Tiësto's in Search of Sunrise Mix)



Deterium • *Poem* (single Nov 21/00). The highly anticipated follow up to Karma, with guest vocals by Leigh Nash (Spence Moore the Richer), Matthew Sweet, and Kirsty Hawkshaw (Opus 3). Limited Edition with bonus disc available.

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Coming in 2001: New Releases from *Autour De Lucie*, *DJ Tiësto* and *Conjure One* (featuring former Deterium member Rhys Fulber)

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what we listened to:

the lowdown revolver II • bratmobile ladies, women and girls • c4am95 III • blonde redhead melodie citronique • x-ray spex germfree adolescents • coco - s/t • j mascis and the pod • neil hamburger raw hamburger • frogs bananimals • beck one foot in the grave • zenigeza desire for agony • uzeda different section wires • man or astroman a spectrum of infinite scale • v/a the unaccompanied voice • wire manscape • radiohead a • beans fired snow • jesus lizard lash • gorecki • bach • joel r phelps inland empires • versus hurrah • rites of spring

Real Live Action



TRANS AM LADDIO BALAKO Friday, September 22 Starfish Room

Trans Am has always managed to cover some of their more suspect progressive rock influences with a mask of contemporary cool. Perhaps taking New York's Laddio Balako on tour with them was an oblique way of fessing up.

Whatever the case, LB's black spandex outfits, ludicrous facial hair, epic song structures and unabashed virtuosity seemed custom-made to upset the aesthetic sensibilities of the indie kids who packed into the Starfish for the opening show of Trans Am's Canadian tour. It's testament to their irresistible force that they managed to sell about 30 CDs within five minutes of leaving the stage.

The explanation of how a bunch of weirdo bearded progressive rockers managed to win over a discerningly hip audience is fairly simple. The fact is that LB avoided the worst excesses of prog complexity in favour of post-rock sleekness. Their songs may have been multi-part epics, but each part was essentially simple and hypnotic. They were also delivered with a punky aggression, which might just have been a result of the visa problems that kept this show running annoyingly late.

Trans Am didn't come onstage until 1AM, but it was well worth the wait. Covering their full range—from full-on hard rock to imploding electronica—they sounded every bit a band at the height of their powers. New LP *The Red Line* bears this out and provides an ideal opportunity to challenge the most common misconception about this band's music—that it lacks meaning.

Right now, Trans Am sound downright insurrectionary. Every positive expression of rock's revolutionary spirit has been territorialized and marketed to death by the corporate mainstream. All that's left is a series of self-deluding empty gestures. By contrast, this band's outsize iciness is—in the original spirit of early '90s post-rock—a rebellion against the false meanings of an alienating media society. That may not be a fashionable opinion, but having praised a band who dress entirely in black spandex, I haven't really got much to lose in that department.

Sam Macklin

EVAPORATORS
RIFF RANDELS
KONG KORDENE
Saturday, October 14
Pic Pub
Can you say fun? Define it? Did

you see it on that really cold October night? It's a fleeting force. Try and catch it when you can. Here are my observations of fun. I've used key words to help you identify it the next time you see it.

Joy joi. n. Excitement of pleasurable feelings caused by the acquisition or expectation of good; gladness; delight; exhilaration of spirits. To give joy, to gladden. See *Nordwurz* at the Human Service at October 14's *Evaporators* show at the Piccadilly Pub. He gets it and he can give it out, folks. There were costume changes, there were balancing acts, there was fun, and in this packed to the max show.

Fear fear. n. A painful emotion excited by an expectation of evil or the apprehension of impending danger. See *Nordwurz*'s face when *cougar* cuts rushed the stage and gave him a wedgie.

Enthusiasm en.thu.zi. aizm. n. An ecstasy of mind, as if from inspiration or passion; a spiritual influence. Complete possession of the mind by any subject. See the crowd at the Pic. Nobody with their hands in their pockets! People with good posture soaking each other in good fun. Big people stepping out the way for little people. And all rockin' people who proved that they can pull up their socks when

needed be. **Tight** tie. a. Compactly or firmly built or made. See the **Riff Randels**. Good good good. Fun songs, Ms. Camaro is the new singer (with the departure of Sean Kaggett) and her glossy lips could be seen from the back of the room. Showcasing some new tunes off of their new 7", these gals make me strive to be cooler.

Unabomber n. Fill-in bassist/coddie for the Riffs. Red hat, red shoes, red bass, red tongue. Could be a professional rock star. Alternately, he could just get a real job.

Kong Kordene n. Never heard of that word either? Some guy was sitting and singing some songs. Big dude from Winnipeg was blocking my view and thus, my interest.

Lame lame. a. Imperfect; defective, not sound or unsuitable. See the Pic for hoarding everyone out at barely one in the morning.

SuperShow

TREBLE CHARGER
ZUCKERBABY
Monday, October 16
Starfish Room
I had almost forgotten that some bands can sing. Every member. Evenly. In four-part harmony [when necessary]. Nice. I was

surprised. As the opener in the double bill of all-Canadian mainstream power pop [okay, "rock"], **Zuckerbaby** played to a small crowd of pseudo-indie kids and fratish guys who boozed their heads and threw appreciative **Sleyher** hand signs into the air. The band played and sang well—tightly, accurately—for the duration of their set, a feat which, I'm sorry, few bands can boast these days. In addition to playing singles from their debut album, **Zuckerbaby** vastly improved upon the new songs from their weltondeley second record, *Platinum Again*, by adding stage presence and really rocking out. They seemed fond of the "guitarists playing remarkably close to each other in quasi-sexual ecstasy" move and did it often. That's okay, it added to the good parts, chunky haircuts, and cute shoes of their rock star personas. What blew it for them, it only a little, was that they seemed to forget they are a recognized Canadian band in their own right. "**Treble Charger** are here tonight!" hollered frontman Andy Eichorn into the mic, presuming we would all respond with impressed screams. "I said TREBLE CHARGER are here tonight!" as if we weren't jazzed enough about the oh-so-famous headline. I think I was more excited about **Zuckerbaby**.

Apparently, **Treble Charger** magically went Cold at some point back stage and they celebrated by buying a wealth of what looked like tequila shots for their fans. The band was fun to watch. What they lacked in musical accuracy, **Treble Charger** made up for with enthusiasm and gusto. I enjoyed the synchronized high jumps, the audience participation hand waving, and there was a lot of pointing going on. They acted like home. The good thing about **Treble Charger** is that they have different sounds which appeal to a range of listeners. Some songs are beautifully written for the sensibility of wacker-rock, some made for the generic guy-music rocker. The band made full use of their repertoire (I was sure they would run out of radio singles, but they never did), and finished by pre-acting their latest **SMASH HIT!** "*American Psycho*" with the intro to **G'n'R's** "Sweet Child of Mine." I've gotta say, I didn't have a bad time at all.

Alia

DIRTY THREE
SHANNON WRIGHT
Friday, October 20
Richard's on Richards
The blazer and silicone set had to find another club to stand outside of this evening as



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THE INTERNATIONAL
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All State Champions

Sunday November 12
ELEMENTS 2000
EX-ECUTIONERS

Tuesday November 14
BADLY DRAWN BOY

Friday November 17 7 & 2!!!
Death Cab for Cutie
and Pedro the Lion

Tuesday November 21
ENG COBB STEELE

Wednesday November 22
FLYBANGER
with guest **Mr. Awakeners** Performed

Sunday November 26
Early Show!!!
UZ ISME DOWA
with guest **FRED PIER**

Wednesday November 29
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Nov 03 the beans
every Saturday
in November

abizzelaz mazi
klezmer music

05 tapestry
electronic dub
techno 10-2

06 midnight-3am
march 28 spinning
every monday

07 styke brooks
Jazz Jazz Jazz
every Tuesday

08 divine reality
09 Barlow steps
cd release

10 the beans
12 tapestry
last night
yada birthday

15 Jonathan inc
w/bohouse jr.
16 ngoni snider
cd release

17 the golden
wedding band
(molestics reincarnate...)

19 Unrefined
spoken word
arrive party

20 a-liv supersoul
live electronic

22 anna lumiere
quartet

23 joel + old
reliable
24 noospher

29 cineworles
independent
F.L.M.A.H.P. salon

30 Kelly choko
+ Chris Kelly
31 sololosolo

32 George
metetrage
Jazz

37 tie fisher
67 nov venable trio
from San Fran.
w/ situation

40 bottless chaps
41 Radiogram

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THE NEW TOWN
JAMALS
Slum City

Sid victim &
the rock and
roll survivors

November 8
Phantom 309

November 9
I/O

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Notes from
the underground

November 11
More Plastic
The Probers

November 16
rewind
deville

November 17
Substance
YOKOJANA
SMUT PEDDLING SAM

November 18
CROWNED KING
DGB
Babble Fish X

November 23
INDIRECT
Lupis

November 24
Nerve Magazine Party
Five Regulators reggae

November 25
The red steel life
show spectacle
November 30
T.M. CD release party

Vancouver's favourite party hotspot again opened its doors and its arms to the increasingly-displaced crowd of indie-rockers. Oh yeah!

Walked in. Felt gross. Pictured **Skid Row** or **Trooper** stage. Well, how did you do anything but dismiss a venue featuring a sign which reads: "Richard's Bistro: Where the World Comes to Eat?" Coupled with my overall skepticism about the establishment itself was my surprise when I discovered that I had walked in just in time for the main event... and it was 10:00. When did the openers hit the stage? Tea-time? Even at 9:00 I was still, as I think any reasonable soul living in a reasonable city ought to be able to do, enjoying canapes and a few sociables from the comfort of a friend's hot tub: "Sluggan, bring down that other tray of hors d'oeuvres. No, not the ones with the cream cheese... you know how I feel about that." Though, in defense of the venue as a performance space, the sound turned out to be top-notch.

Listening now. Driving Late. Fighting to stay awake. Pool! Shotgun and pistols now ride: a somnambulist troubadour, Paganini, and a sedated 600 pound gorilla who's tading in and out of lucidity, plays three-card monte with a myriad of percussion accoutrements (a gingerly simian grip). And you know that it ain't the least bit absurd either—hell, it's a little bit of a goddamn dirty. But your eyelids are so heavy. Sooo heeeyyy. The unexpected furries of stumbling drunk comping are the only thing keeping the car from careening off the adjacent cliff and plunging straight to the bottom of the sea, and you realize then that without Bobo the Drumming Gorilla, Dr. Caligari and the Fiddler on the Roof there you would also be totally fucked.

"Maybe y'all be hitchin' in these here parts again?"
"Not for a few years," laments Paganini's violin. Pool! Steve DiPo

CMJ
Wednesday, October 18-
Friday October 20
Various Venues (New York)

Wednesday night's arrival was marred by a lack of greeting party. I dragged my confused self into the city and down into the bowels of the subway system, intent on making it on time to the special Jetset drinking party with possible "special guests." I arrived sweaty and grouchy, but my mood improved considerably once I started talking to Noiseman of the **Spoosys**. Once my buddy Justin showed up to escape me out to Brooklyn, things turned all mellow, and we wandered the city for a while before giving up for the night. Back at the crib, I met the posse from Buffalo, three very drunk boys with whom I got to share a living-room futon. Score!

Thursday we headed on

masse into the big city to get all started up. There were no afternoon shows to be had, so we followed some record guy to a free lunch. Next stop was the Bowery Ballroom. We stood in a big ol' line-up to check out **PJ Harvey**. Once inside, I tuned out the opening bands (**Tiffany Anders** and **American Hi-Fi**) in order to chat with complete strangers about the biz. PJ Harvey rocked the house, looking all sexy and in control, singing a bunch of new songs that didn't suck and some classics she's so adored for. After her set, I ran outside to rejoin the line, this time for the evening's Jetset showcase.

Goddamn stupid kids all skipped PJ Harvey to get choice pieces in line for the showcase, and it was looking grim. **Arab Strap** was the hammer that hit the nail that closed the deal on this trip for me, and I was in danger of not making it in. Danger. So I used my new-found friend-making abilities to cut in line with this nice kid named Brent from Arizona. Once inside, we beat it on up to front row centre (yes, I am that nerdy of a fan-girl) sometimes, especially in a city which is not my own) to make sure we missed not a drop of **Swirl** or air off note. The **Spoosys** played first, and they absolutely won the place over. Four very stylish kids from Japan, they did what **Bis** should've done, had they cared enough to progress a bit in the right direction. The **Spoosys** bound and sang and Noiseman broke it down Theramin-style, making it very difficult to mellow out in time for the Strap.

Yeah, Aiden and Malcolm. I am a huge Strap fan, and to see it all go down, live on stage, was too good. I may be a bit biased, but this was one of the best shows I have ever seen. It's not like they do much—they play, they stand around and drink beer, they make you want to cry. Damn fine. Adele joined Aiden for "Pyjamas," and the band played two new songs. "Blackness" was amazing, and the other new one has an amazing bass line. I stood there and tried to control the giddiness.

As much as nothing could beat the feel of the Strap, **Macha** and **Bedhead** just made the show that much better. Macha have got some very interesting instruments that they incorporate into their set, and, well, they brought the Kadane brothers! Bubba and Matt played one song together before being joined by Macha, and that was a gift. The boys stuck around for a few Macha songs, but hid in the back. An excellent set nonetheless.

I took off after Macha in the hopes of seeing either the **Mountain Goats** or the **Sofites**, but neither show came together.

Friday started slow, but picked up once we made it into the city. Breakfast at Baby Jupiter with Peggy from Louisiana and one of the Buffalo boys was fol-

lowed by a bit of record and thrift-store shopping and a slow walk in the direction of Brownies for an industry afternoon show. We managed to miss **Bright Eyes** and **Cinemas**, but were in the house for some **Rainer Maria** and **Mooney Suzuki** action. The **Mooney Suzuki** had their home crowd going crazy—people were dancin' and smoshin' all over the place. More of my free drink ended up on me than in me during that set.

After the big rock 'n' roll, it was time to eat some free fancy pasta with the fine people of Capital Records (yes, **CITR** DJs are now forced to play **Radiohead** 10 times an hour). Free food is the best kind, especially when it's followed up with a bit of Barman—**MC Paul Barman**. Over at the Matador showcase, Paul was doing his thing, getting the crowd of white boys all hyped up. The beats were good, the rhymes a bit forced, but entertaining nonetheless. Next stop was the Cooler for a little **Drunk** and **Songs: Ohia** serenades. Drunk were soft and gentle and a little bit too dozy for me, but I appreciated the chance to sit down and relax a while. Jason Molina of **Songs: Ohia** gave but a short sampling of his material (someone had stolen his equipment that afternoon, and he was bummed), but what he played sure sounded good. On my way back to the Matador showcase with hopes of seeing **Liveman** and **Pole**, I got sidetracked by my friend Justin, who assured me that I'd find local it over to the (**International**) **Noise Conspiracy** show. I would be left out in the cold. Off we went, and I got stuck watching the **Rye Coalition** until I came to my senses and got back in a cab. Pole was where it was at—the volume of the bass made the little community centre shake, and it was not nearly as sleepy as I had been warned. It was almost danceable! Back to the Wetlands Preserve for what I had really been waiting all night for—the (**International**) **Noise Conspiracy**. My dream of making out with a Swedish Marxist Rock 'n' Roll God did not come true, but I did manage to dance a bit (while getting all squished—but my **Hot Snakes** record didn't even warp!) and enjoy the fine revolutionary sounds.

At the after-hours party, by working the room, I got me some beverages (too strong!), a travel alarm clock, a Professor doll, a glittery change purse, a **Powerpuff Girls** CD, and a ton of stickers. I tried to hook up with my host, but I ended took a taxi back to Brooklyn by myself and hung out on a yucky street corner for a long time because no one was home to let me in. A phonecall later, I was sitting in the 2x3 hallway of the apartment's entrance, listening to the fire alarm beep. Damn. I was in bed by five that morning.

Julie C.

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CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s sound-tracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM **GEETANJALI** 9:00-10:00PM

Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhojans and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip-Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seanski & J Swing on

the 1 & 2's.
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:00-2:00AM Time to wind down? Lay back in the chill-out room. France, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Dexter and Nasty. **FILL-IN** 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAYS
SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa".
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight. Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental,

trance, lounge, and ambience.
THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW alt. 11:00-1:00PM Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems and interviews with special guests. Tune in every other Monday with your host Christina.
GIRLFOOD alt. 1:00-1:00PM **PARTS UNKNOWN** 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minutes with the occasional interview with your host Chris.
STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancunt fulfills all your feminist needs. Suck it.

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department to hang out with Wener, the Freight Train and the 24 Karat Goldman.

SOUPE DU JOUR alt. 6:00-7:30PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

FILL-IN alt. 6:00-7:30PM **THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW** alt. 6:30-7:30PM

PIRATE RADIO alt. 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.
BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM I don't know what I'm up to any more. I play lots of odd German electronic, some 7's, and a demo here and there. Go figure.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Nov. 6: One of the definitive piano trio recordings—The Tommy Flanagan Trio Overseas.

Nov. 13: A piano trio album with a difference... Led by protean bassist Charles Mingus, this CD is also a tribute to piano great Hampton Hawes whose birthday is today.

Nov. 20: One of guitarist Barney Kessel's most modern and adventurous albums with vibist Bob Hutcherson and drum master Elvin Jones—"Feedin' Fire."

Nov. 27: Bassist/Composer Charles Mingus' classic "Tijuana Moods"—tonight the alternative and undesired version.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's

punk rock, babyl Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY
PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "the Lovely Andrea" Berman.
WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot. Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot. Let's go!

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schmp to, hosted by Coreen.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

CONTEMPORARY 1:00-2:00PM Music and poetry for jackasses.

FILL-IN 2:00-3:00PM

HIPS TITS LIPS POWER 3:30-4:30PM Featuring That Feminist Collective from CTR.

ELECTRIC AIRWAVES 3:30-4:30 (last Tuesday of each month)

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM								6AM
7	reggae linkup	SALARIO MINIMO	pacific pickin'	deep opp ork	the mezzanine floor	shadows at dawn	The Leo Ramirez Show	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	Foot's Paradise	end of the world news	CAPTIVIT IN THE RED	The SATURDAY EDGE	9
10	are you serious? music		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	The Northern Wish	the ether table	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		10
11		girlfood/ the cute 'n' cuddly show	BLUE MONDAY/ ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	soulsistah radio	11
12PM	Rockers Show	PARTS UNKNOWN	CONTEMPORARY	the shake	STEVE & MIKE	Black Noise/High On Grass	POWERCHORD	12PM
1			FILL-IN	radio free press	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW			1
2		stand and be cunted	hips tits lips power/ electric airwaves	INTERLUDE	RYTHMES & REASONS	WARWARR Teteht	LUCKY SUBARON	2
3		EVIL VS. GOOD	THE DEAT-EATING VEGAN					3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	WENER'S BARBEQUE	10,000 VOICES	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP KEELS TO REAL	NOOZE & ARTS	Acrobasy	4
5	Chips with Everything / Saint Tropez							5
6		SOUPE DU JOUR/ The Relationship Show	FLEX YOUR HEAD	rachel's song	OUT FOR KICKS	FarEastSide Sounds / AFRICAN RHYTHMS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7	Queer FM			POP GOES THE WEASEL				7
8	Hello India	please radiated by the way	RADIO ELLINKATHIKO	AND SOMETIMES WHY/ REPIKA REJECT	ON AIR WITH REGGAE HEAD		synoptic sandwich	8
9	Geetanjali		a walkabout the world	FOUL OYSTERS	Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homeboss	SOUL TREE pipe dreams	9
10		THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP/ soulsonic wanderlust	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR				10
11	The Show				HIGHBRED VOICES			11
12AM		VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Aural Tentacles	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		FILL-IN		12AM
1	CHILL-OUT ROOM							1
2							TABLETURN / EARWAX	2
3					plutonian nights	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW		3
4	fill-in	psychedelic airwaves	Aural Tentacles	first time sound system			REGGAE LINKUP	4
5								5
6								6

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PLASTIC BAG

Plastic Bag s/t (Squirtgun)

Produced by Ian Blurton, this five-song release gives up nothing but pure, flat-out rock'n'roll. Songs like "Kill My Time" and "One More Mile" stand on their own with the latter brandishing some souped-up guitar harmonies that help give a sound kick in the ass. There's nothing groundbreaking on this, but when the songs are this easy to listen to, who the hell cares? - CHART

You've never felt so open, so raw, so near to your animal feelings, the sensitivity of nature. Wake up! It's real inside.

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Mr Dibbs

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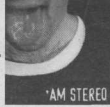
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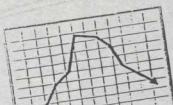
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CiTR Charts

WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM



HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts"

november long vinyl

- 1 godspeed ... lift your skinny fists... kranky
- 2 sigur ros ageatils byrjun fat cat
- 3 nomeansno one alt. tentacles
- 4 vancouver nights s/t endearing
- 5 mooney suzuki people get ready! estrus
- 6 elevator a taste of... teenage usa
- 7 go-betweenes friends of rachel worth jetset
- 8 kitty craft catskills march
- 9 tristezza dream signals in... tiger style
- 10 sea and cake oui thrill jockey
- 11 octant car alarms and crickets up
- 12 pels love and war endearing
- 13 beans tired snow zum
- 14 st. germain tourist blue note
- 15 olivia tremor control singles... emperor norton
- 16 kingpins plan of action stomp
- 17 chixdiggit from scene... honest don's
- 18 underworld everything, everything v2
- 19 pram museum of imaginary... merge
- 20 mr. dibbs primitive tracks cease & desist
- 21 joan of arc the gap jade tree
- 22 hives veni vidi vicious epitaph
- 23 damon and naomi with ghost sub pop
- 24 fucking champs iv drag city
- 25 irans am red line thrill jockey
- 26 marshmallow coast coasting kindercore
- 27 hexstatic rewind ntone
- 28 swirlies yes girls sneaky flute
- 29 urban surf kings get instro... cinnamon toast
- 30 versus hurrah merge
- 31 cinerama disco volante manifesto
- 32 bjork selmasongs elektra
- 33 witchypoo public works 5rc
- 34 at the drive-in relationship of ... grand royal
- 35 man or astroman? a spectrum of... touch and go

november short vinyl

- 1 frumpies frumpies forever
- 2 black cat 13/infl strike... s/t
- 3 riff randells s/t
- 4 gene defcon liz
- 5 tristezza are we people
- 6 maulies on holiday with...
- 7 to roccoco rot smaller listening
- 8 vice principals wallman amadeus...
- 9 in! strike force treat yourself
- 10 big john bates vibro psychotic
- 11 valentine killers let it burn
- 12 radio berlin heart of industry
- 13 budget girls miso horney
- 14 Molina/Roberts green mossy...
- 15 unwound/versus split
- 16 shut ups haul off and smack...
- 17 sparrowhawk/atlas split
- 18 brassy work it out
- 19 peeps s/t
- 20 selby tigers s/t

nat x's top 11 books that stick it to the man

- 1 Killing Rage: Ending Racism bell hooks
- 2 The Wretched of the Earth Franz Fanon
- 3 Autobiography of Angela Davis Angela Davis
- 4 Black Noise: Rap Music and Popular Culture in America Tricia Rose
- 5 Yearning: Race Gender and Cultural Politics bell hooks
- 6 Black Skins/White Masks Franz Fanon
- 7 The Angela Davis Reader Angela Davis (ed. J. James)
- 8 Autobiography of Malcolm X Alex Haley & Malcolm X
- 9 The Long Road to Freedom Nelson Mandela
- 10 Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America Kwame Toure (Stokely Carmichael) & Charles V Hamilton
- 11 Black Is Turner Brown Jr.

november indie home jobs

- 1 lollies found myself at the supermarket
- 2 victory gin tired
- 3 panly boy sea hag
- 4 fanfare the heathens are happier
- 5 bel riose the notion
- 6 magnus dragon style
- 7 nasty on hit summer (summer hit)
- 8 joel heart X 50' woman
- 9 coupon train robbery
- 10 squares elite around the capital
- 11 amarillo stars el paso
- 12 bad apple life is rough
- 13 jay a. beck ophelia
- 14 river rats baby, yer a troll
- 15 cardinals walk don't run
- 16 uneven steps postcard from the depths of shame
- 17 lollies green card marriage
- 18 les saints ta mere
- 19 join newsmen politics
- 20 jumpstart worthwhile

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Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING NOVEMBER 3 - DEC. 15

FRI NOV 3 Hardcore War 2000 feat. Scum Element, Devclaw, Kant/Cobalt; The Beans/Sugar Refinery; Baghouse Five, Achely Kid/Railway; Retnagra, Strong Like Tractor, Dizzy [ALL AGES]@Jova Joint; Donny Howley, Guy OnaDed/Sonar, Secret 9@Starfish; Moja Bannerman, Susan McCashin@Black Sheep Records; Mooney Suzuki@Blackyard
SAT Austerlitz, Glasshead, Marit Lind/Cobalt; Juhui Ferraio & the Swing Machine@the Auditorium; Baghouse Five, Golden Wedding Band/Railway; Recipe from a Small Planet@Chameleon; Charles Webster, Gavin Bongso/Sonar; New Town Animals, Slum City, Sid Victim and the Rock and Roll Survivors@Commodore
SUN 5 The Cramp@Commodore; Antique Smut@Blinding Light

MON 6 BT, Hooverphonic@Commodore; Trilok Gurtu, John Stetch@Vogue
TUES 7 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG: ADIOS AMEN, THE STATUS, OPERATION MAKEOUT@RAILWAY; PRESSURE DROP [REGGAE/PURPLE ONION]; Mike Allen Trio/Cellar; KD Lang@QE; Farm Futures@Blinding Light

WED 8 Sarah Harmer, Josh Rousse/Dick's on Discs; Hard Rock Miners' Singalong@Railway; CITR PRESENTS THE FUNCTION@CHAMELEON; Mairnach GB, Sasstafish/Pure@Onion; Gallions Lap, Tralala, Hubble Green@Railway; Rebel Gilberto & Celso Machado@Vogue; Phantom 309@Blackyard

THUR 9 Porlout Steps CD Release Party@Sugar Refinery; Kat Wahomaa, Texas Goo@Silverline; Teddy Thompson, the Pucks@Railway; Mairnach GB & Vinyl Richie@Chameleon; V/O@Blackyard

FRI 10 CITR PRESENTS THEVEY CORPORATION@COMMODORE; The Beans/Sugar Refinery; Samiam@Starfish; Lindsay Davis, Minsno, Something About Reptiles@Railway; The Scratch Perverts, Djs Vinyl Richi & Cash@Sonar; Two Brothers@Blinding Light; Wave of Mutation, Clover Honey, Notes from the Underground@Blackyard; International Noise Conspiracy, Samson, Bluefly, All-Stage Champion@Starfish

SAT 11 Choclad, DJ Mastermind@Commodore; Walker, Bitchin' Cowpunk Massacre@Railway; Banco de Gaia, State of Bengal@SP@Seattle; Headlands CD Release Party CD, Swank/Don Vetrilli Live, Djs Will Sugar and Dr. J@Chameleon; Slaves, The Vogue, Sean No Na, A Luna Red@Nix's Cabaret; More Plastic, the Probers@Blackyard

SUN 12 The Xecutioners, Souls of Mischief, Pep Love, Audiblow@Starfish; Scorpio Party@Chameleon; More Plastic, Unwep Steps@Jova Joint; Shane MacCowan & the Paper@Commodore; Eternal Speed@Blinding Light
TUES 14 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG SEMI-FINALS: JOEL THE CINCH, TRAIL VS RUSSIA@RAILWAY; Body Down@Boy@Starfish

WEDS 15 CITR PRESENTS THE FUNCTION: CREATION CREW @ CHAMELEON; Johnathan Inc., Phlophose @Sugar Refinery; Sandy Scofield CD Release@Railway; Murder City Devils, At the Drive-In, Right Left

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE DECEMBER/JANUARY ISSUE IS DECEMBER 10TH!

Sing/Dick's On Discs; Small@Starfish
THURS 16 Anson Funderburk, the Rockets@Yale; Naomi Side CD Release Party@Sugar Refinery; Palace Phlophose, Mazin@Railway; Kia Kadiri & Vinyl Richie@Chameleon; Revind, Devil@Blackyard
FRI 17 Veal, The New Pornographers@Starfish (late show)
SAT 18 The Wellfathers, Everlast@QE; Richard Ashcroft@Sonar; Body Rock/Waldorf; Abuse of Power, Kybosh, Harkonen, Playing Enemy, Dissent, Goat's Blood@Jova Joint; 1st Nations Coffee House@LongHouse@JBC; Dark Side of the Rainbow@Blinding Light; Crowned King, DGB, Bobbifish @Blackyard
SUN 19 The Orb, Juno Reactor@DV8@Seattle-All Ages)
MON 20 Ray Condo, Jimmy Ray, Cam Wagner, Linda McKee@Railway; Peter Murphy/Dick's On Discs; Spinoffs, Falling Short, Svele, Bestes@Jova Joint; Inspiration of the Pleasure Dome@Blinding Light
TUES 21 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG SEMI-FINALS: DOROTHY, NICELY NICELY, PANTY BOY@RAILWAY; Marin Sexton/Dick's On Discs; The Return of Mr. X@Blinding Light; Kick Cobb Steel@Starfish
WED 22 CITR PRESENTS THE FUNCTION@CHAMELEON; Anna Linnere Quarter@Sugar Refinery; Luke Doucet, Rob Benson@Railway; Flybanger, God Awakens, Petrified@Starfish
THUR 23 Canned Ham, Red Siren, Shrimpam@Railway; Vancouver Underground Film Festival@Blinding Light; Indirect, Lupus@Blackyard
FRI 24 Chris Harris, Neoprene@Sugar Refinery; Californics, Twin Star/Railway; Solomon Eco@EcoPerformance Works; Mideck, Capt. Haircut, Healthy Scratch@JovaJoint; Nerve Magazine Party@Blackyard
SAT 25 Radiogram, Old Reliable, Johnathan Inc.@Railway; Meta 4 & Dr. J@Chameleon; The Smalls@PH @JBC; Red Devil Sidehow @Blackyard
SUN 26 DJ Craze, MC Kingpin, DJ Kemo@Sonar; Michelle Tse, Shar Rednour, Jackie Stron, Kassy Kayatois, Sash Sunday w/ DJ Julie Herrera@SP@Seattle; Habib Kato, Oumou Sangare@Commodore; Uz Jisme Dams, the @Starfish
MON 27 Suzan Mulhail, Lily Frost, Veggy@Railway
TUES 28 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG SEMI-FINALS: WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM, TBA, TBA@RAILWAY; Jello Biafra@Norm Theatre [JBC]
WED 29 Rose Ranger, Noah Nino, Hunter Gracchus@Starfish; Film 1@Blinding Light; Chixdiggit, Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, Riff Radd@Starfish

THUR 30 Half Hour Late@Railway; PW4@Blinding Light; The New Deal@Sonar; Tim CD Release Party@Blackyard
FRI DEC 1 Rich Hope@Railway; David Gatten@Blinding Light
SAT DEC 2 Tributary@Blinding Light
SUN 3 The Whitespikes@PFC; Sex Toler@Richard's
MON 4 Dandy Warhols@Dick's; Clove Albemarle@Stanley Theatre
TUES 5 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! FINALS@RAILWAY; Patricia Barber@Christ Church Cathedral
WED 6 Vinyl@Blinding Light
THUR 7 The Bookspines, Pighouse Jr., Thermost@Railway
FRI 8 What About Me@Blinding Light
SAT 9 IX Badrow, Victorian Park, The Romans@Railway
SUN 10 Blonde Redhead, The Need@Starfish Room; King Kong vs Godzilla, Eye of Newt@Blinding Light
MON 11 Take off your pants day@Various Venues
TUES 12 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! THE FINALS@RAILWAY; Leonard Cohen Flick@Blinding Light
WEDS 13 Greasy Kings w/ Peepshow@Railway
THURS 14 Mark Browning@Railway; BYOB@Blinding Light

SPECIAL EVENTS

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 NOVEMBER 10 @ COMMODORE. MAKE WAY FOR ROB GARZA AND ERIC HILTON, AKA THEVEY CORPORATION. THE HYFE IS TRUE, THEY'RE AMAZING, SO DON'T LET ALL THE YALE-TOWN SNOTS CHOWING X SCARE YOU AWAY FROM SEEING THE MASTERS OF DOWNTOWN.

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 NOVEMBER 10-12 @ PACIFIC CINEMATHEQUE. TICK \$7-\$5 STUDENTS/SENIORS; ALL MATINEES \$5.

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 Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald) 732 5087
 Blinding Light 36 Powell St. (Gastown) 873 6958
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 The Brickyard 315 Carroll St. (Gastown) 254 1195
 Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 684 7757
 Cafe Montmartre 45 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 683 6099
 Cambie 515 Seymour 687 1956
 Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 688 0866
 Cellar Juvon Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downtown) 687 0866
 Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 687 0866
 Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. [JBC] 822 3017
 CTR Radio 101.9PM 233-138 SUB Blvd. [JBC] 682 4629
 CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place 685 2825
 Cobalt Hotel 917 Main St. 683 3757
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 Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall) 681 1531
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 CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St. 682 5345
 Cordova Café 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 5637
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 Crosswound Music 518 W. Pender St. 683 8774
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 Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End) 682 3207
 Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St. 682 4388
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 Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
 Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999

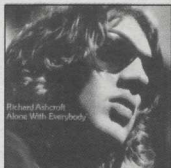
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 Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 822 9364
 The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
 Helen Pitt Gallery 882 Homer (downtown) 681 6740
 Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
 Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
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 Minora Pavilion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond) 876 3426
 Moon Bae Gallery 231 Carroll St. (Gastown) 688 0913
 Moon Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano) 738 7151
 Nepton Records 5750 Fraser St. 324 1229
 Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
 Oric Records 1176 & 1340 Davie St. (west end) 669 5414
 Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 3456
 Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
 Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
 Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 875 2747
 Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
 Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
 Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
 Public Lounge Eatery 3289 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 1944
 Puff Pipes 4326 Main or #14-712 Robson 684 PUFF
 Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown) 602 9442
 Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 665 3050
 The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 685 5585

Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour) 681 1625
 Richards on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown) 687 6794
 Ride On 2255 W. Broadway, 2712 Robson St. (upstairs) 738 7374
 Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th) 738 6311
 Scraps Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main) 877 1676
 Sealyn Records 726 Richards St. (downtown) 687 0499
 Seylins Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 681 6695
 Shadblot Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
 Silverline Tavern 2733 Commercial Drive 877 2245
 Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th) 876 9233
 Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6695
 Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown) 682 4171
 Station Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096
 Street Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
 Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004
 Tarr Gallery 1869 W. 4th Ave. 738 0856
 Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 681 8915
 Thunderbird Ens. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 688 2473
 Tru Vau Vintage Robson (downtown) 685 5403
 Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 254 9578
 Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165
 Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2235
 View In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
 Vinyl Rekids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326
 Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 311 7909
 Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6217
 Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave (near Main) 876 9343
 Whet Bar 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278
 Wall Paper Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main) 674 4687
 W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Anderson (the Drive) 254 5858
 Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 4128
 Yule Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 681 9253
 Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 738 3232

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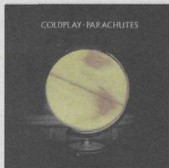
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Coldplay

Parachutes



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featuring "Yellow" and "Shiver".
Nominated for the Mercury Music Prize.
Find out what made Parachutes
a #1 album in the UK.

Fat Boy Slim

Halfway Between the Gutter and the Stars

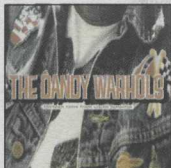


In Stores November 7

Norman Cook: the Funk Soul Brother returns with his Brilliant follow up to "You've Come a Long way Baby".
Featuring the singles "Ya Mama" and "Sunset (Bird of Prey)". Includes first time ever vocal collaborations with
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The Dandy Warhols

13 Tales from Urban Bohemia



In Stores Now!

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IN CONCERT,
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Richard's on Richards.

Everclear

Songs From An American Movie, Volume Two:
Good Time For A Bad Attitude



In stores November 21

Features the First Single "Where it all Goes Wrong Again", and 11 other smokin' songs that leader Art Alexakis calls "Malevolent, it's all pretty pissed off and loud".

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the best of



In Stores Now!

features 17 classic blur tracks including "Song 2", "Girls & Boys", "Parklife", "Charmless Man" & the new single: "Music is My Radar". Also available: "blur: the best Of Limited Edition" featuring 10 of blur's best recorded live @ Wembley Stadium (while quantities last)

Svek

After the Rain



In Stores November 7

The ultimate chill-out album, "After the Rain" features 12 incredibly smooth, deep, jazz-house tracks produced by Svek recording artists Jesper Dahlback, Cari Lekebusch, Adam Beyer and others. On the international house scene, the Swedish independent SVEK label is the hottest.

Shirley Bassey

Diamonds Are Forever
-the Remix Album



In Stores Now!

Features Shirley Bassey's timeless classics such as "Diamonds Are Forever" and "Where Do I Begin" as remixed by awayTEAM, Groove Armada, Nightmares on Wax, Propellerheads & more

Lazy Dog

Lazy Dog



In Stores Now!

A Double disk collection of Deep House Music mixed by BEN WATT (EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL) and Jay Hannan, inspired by their London Club, Lazy Dog. Includes the current Club-land Buzz track "Tracey In My Room".

november's new releases

a zulu pop machine:

RICHARD BUCKNER *The Hill* CD 16.98

What is the correct adjective to describe the barns scattered about the Prairie landscape? Enchanted? Spooky? Stoic? Austere? **Richard Buckner** is the perfect candidate to help us out with this description. He recently moved up to Edmonton, smitten and to be married. Was the wedding in a barn? Wheat field? Silo? Best men **John** and **Joey** of **Calexico** *Giant Sand* were in attendance — as they are on this lovely collection of all-country ballads about life, the roads we travel and the people we meet. Definitely enchanted.

CHICKS ON SPEED *The Re-Release of the Unreleased* CD 16.98

Browsing through foreign record bins, I stumbled upon a band that was bound to revolutionise my summer, and maybe even my fall. Truly, the merits and longevity of this band are up for debate, but if you ignore the un-hype and choose to listen to those in the know, you're likely to stumble onto some seriously kickin' cut-and-paste disco action. The three women who front up the men behind the gear (gotta work on that, ladies) are messing around with electronic collages; they're wearing that fine line, and could lose control at any minute. At times uncontrollably danceable and alternately thoroughly confusing, this collection of 33 tracks, featuring songs from limited vinyl releases, the **Chicks'** European full-length, and clever interview snippets, will tune you in to the now sound of Germany. Feel free to book your flight, and maybe you can hang with the **Chicks**. **Peaches** and **Gonzales** for Christmas! There'll be lapses under the tree for everyone!

CORN SISTERS *Party Girl* CD 12.98

Ever heard of *Hellie's Hat* in Seattle, Washington? We hadn't either, until we heard this recording. It's the result of an evening of music at said establishment, featuring the raw and true talents of wayward island girl **Carlynn Mark**, wandering star **Heck Case**, a guitar, a drum and a stomping board. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the **Corn Sisters** and this is their record. They are **The Other Women**.

DELTRON 3030 CD 16.98 / 2LP 16.98

The record label is 75 Ark, an offshoot of Asphodel, its mandate is to bring underground hip-hop — a la **Anti-Pop Consortium** — above ground. This, introductions in, **DELTRON** is **Kid Koala**, **Dan the Automator** (**Kool Keith's** ex-producer) and, yes, **Del**. The name checking doesn't stop here — head **Consortium MC Beans** checks in, as do **Peanut Butter Wolf**, **Money Mark**, **Sean Lennon**, and **Blur's Damon Albarn**. We sense a concept-style angle on this record — a playful and positive look at sci-fi fantasies. What do you think?

DAVE DOUGLAS *A Thousand Evenings* CD 16.98

A thousand evenings might not fully release the charm of this great record. With ideas to spare, there is much to take in. But, in fact, this is a good thing, a very good thing. And this doesn't mean that this record is in anyway too obscure or difficult. Instead, it is so immediate and, frankly, beautiful, that it is almost too easy to be won over by its enchanting quality, and become mesmerised! Spellbound. Yet, with further listens, and they come easily, the thoughtful complexity of the music becomes clearer, as well as the tremendous musicianship of the performers. **Mark Feldman** on violin, **Guy Kluewacz** on accordion, **Gary Cohen** on bass, and **Dave Douglas** on trumpet. Also features a string quartet of **Goldfinger**, just for fun, because fun is also good. Enjoy.

EUPHONIE *Hashin' it Out* CD 16.98 / LP 14.98

We see a trend in statement patterns. Cities, which once were centres of commerce, reach peaks, and then dramatically transform into spaces euphoric for the practicing musician, artist or writer. Look at Montreal — once the Canadian business beehive, now the perfect low-rent borough for Apocalyptic Post-Rock. Now take Chicago, the forgotten jewel of America's Midwest. Yes, it too is a product of creativity, style and artistic musical advancement. **Euphonie**, from Chicago, reside in the "post-Toronto" neighbourhoods of sonic experimentation (though this isn't really a valid summing-up). We've sung their praises before — to a compositionally deconstructive tune played on horns, marimbas and silky electro-acoustics. **Euphonie** held firm members of **Hotspot 217**, **Joan of Arc** and **Landscape Organist**. A relocation is in order...

GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR *Raise Your Skinny Fists...* 2CD 24.98 / 2LP 18.98

With a sound that is at once highly melodic and enormously grandiose, one might expect **Godspeed** to embody the worst excesses of progressive rock pomposity. But — oh the humanity — this is music that expresses the overwhelming drama of every little life on earth. By seeing the huge in the tiny and the tiny in the huge Montreal's finest post-rock orchestra has created something almost impossibly poignant with this second full-length. With no attempt to sound coolly detached or smugly contemporary, Canada's crustiest nine-piece has truly immortalised the human spirit as it stands today. Two CDs' worth of sheer nerve-wracking bliss, this is then band's best effort yet — capturing as it does the full intensity of their, at best, staggeringly full-on live performances.

GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI *The Blue Trees* CD 14.98

As one romance ends, the threads of a new one are sown. After three triumphant (our biased opinion) post-romantic **Beach Boys**-esque pop records, Welsh eccentric **Gorky's Zygotic Mynce** have been rewarded with sadly little public applause. Obscurity is their fate. But they're in good company. Obscurity blows with the wind that billows in the sails of **Nick Drake**, **Scott Walker** and **Jimmy Webb**! Undo the wrong! Do not let their harmonious pop choir-sons be fodder for **Mojo Magazine's** ode to tragic beauties ignored by the machinery of contemporary press! Gasp. Yes, ring the bells and release a pig in the streets to wipe away the trash, for **Gorky's Zygotic Mynce** are more than just another pop mouthful.

TALIB KWELI & HI TEK *Reflection Eternal* CD 16.98 / LP 19.98

For all the heads out there, encores **Talib Kweli** and **Hi Tek**, collectively known as **Reflection Eternal**, have finally released their first, self-titled album. **Kweli**, half of the dynamic duo **Black Star**, has stayed true to form, with the kind of introspective lyrics he's known best for. **Hi Tek** comes correct, providing beats ranging from laid back to hype. Also, **Mae Del**, **De La Soul** and **Les Nubians** nicely collaborate. These two New Yorkers have put out head nodding music sure to enlighten. So, pick up this Rawkus album, designed for you to pump through your stereo and headphones.

MICROSTORIA *Model 3, Step 2* CD 19.98 / LP 14.98

Over **Marcelo Pop** and **Messia** and **Mary Jan Si Warner** are good pals. Every once in a while, when their busy schedules allow, they hang out. And when they do, after much good humour and handshaking, of course, they make crazy music, crazy like nothing else. And they is a good fit. Pop's digital obscurantism nicely offsets Warner's more playful electro-funk-tolemy, or maybe it's the other way around. In any case, **Microstoria** are the definition of uniqueness — a fresh style in an increasingly cluttered and like-sounding market. And now, somehow, they're even more listener-friendly! Hurrah. **AVAIL** Nov 7th.

NEW PORNOGRAPHERS *Mass Romantic* CD 12.98

New brain, pop has spirit, flesh and political emotion. Pop is not a hairstyle on the barber's wall. Pop is more than the cut of your pants. Pop is about the **Beach Boys** playing behind the Iron Curtain in the summer of '68 — a tradition of changing the course of living. Vancouver's **New Pornographers** don't meet regularly to rehearse. Why? Do you practice your moves before you enjoy a night out? No! Instead they meet to discuss strategy. **Mass Romantic** is their gambit, their campaign. The bottle is on — a pornographic life surrounds us.

VARIOUS *THE STATE OF EMOTION VOL 8* 2CD 14.98

While summering in Germany, my ears were introduced to the next wave of Electronica. As the beautiful countryside accented regional variations, so I spent out my tour of discs and indie-record shops was met with a locally distinct electro-beat sound! Berlin's dub-beats, Cologne's minimal pocketbook spirit... All were very adventurous sonic detours from the Western Hemisphere. A short cut through evenings intimately listening to **Monobloc**, **Burnt Friedman**, **Chicks on Speed**, **Senior Coconut** and more — plus I fell in love with a DJ known to me only as "**Gonzales**".

OTHER NEW RELEASES:

El Power - Winter is Coming CD/LP
Johnny Cash - American Three-Stringed Man CD/LP
The Letter E - No. 5 Live Longplay CD
Vincent - American Breakbeat Electronic Music From USA And Canada 2CD
Sandstrom - Looks Like A Russian CD
High Llamas - Buzzle Bee CD/LP

Death Cab For Cutie - Forbidden Love CD/EP
Fly Pan Am - Security En Frequencies CD/EP/12"
Various - **Rare Records 01** Compilation CD
Add It Up - X-Play Mixes CD/LP
B. P. Delicatessen - Pop Loops for Breakfast CD/EP
1 Speed Bike - Droney Butt Begone CD/LP
Ulys - Selected 12" CD/EP/12"

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